

DANGEROUS DAYS

(BLADE RUNNER)

D A N G E R O U S D A Y S

(*BLADE RUNNER*)

Screenplay

by

HAMPTON FANCHER

From a novel

by

Philip K. Dick

January 7 1980

Please return to: MICHAEL DEELEY
12311 Rochedale Lane
Los Angeles, CA 90049

android (an'droid) adj. Possessing human features -n.
A synthetic man created from biological materials.
Also called humanoid. (Late Greek androeides, man-
like: ANDR(O) - OID.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE
DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE (1976)

android (an'droid) n, Gk. humanoid automation.
more at robot./ 1. early version utilized for
work too boring, dangerous or unpleasant for
humans. 2. second generation bio-engineered.
electronic relay units and positronic brains.
used in space to explore inhospitable
environments. 3. third generation syntho-
genetic. constructed of skin/flesh culture.
selected enogenic transfer conversion.
capable of self perpetuating thought, para-
physical abilities. developed for emigration
program.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY
New International (2012)

THE EYE

It's magnified and deeply revealed. Flecks of green and yellow in a field of milky blue. Icy filaments surround the undulating center.

The eye is shown in a tiny screen. On the metallic surface below, the words "VOIGHT-KAMPFF" are finely etched. There's a touch-light panel across the top and on the side of the screen, a dial that registers fluctuation of the iris.

The instrument is no bigger than a music box and sits on a table between two men. The man taking the test is big, looks like an over-stuffed kid. "LEON" it says over his breast pocket. He's dressed in a warehouseman's uniform and his pudgy hands are folded expectantly in his lap.

The man facing him is lean, hollow-cheeked and dressed in gray. Detached and efficient, he looks like a cop or an accountant. His name is HOLDEN and he's all business.

The room is large and cold. Rows of salvaged junk are stacked neatly against the walls.

LEON

Okay if I talk?

HOLDEN

Talk all you want.

LEON

I kinda get nervous when I take tests.

HOLDEN

Don't move.

LEON

Sorry.

(pause)

I already had my I.Q. test this year and I...

HOLDEN

(cutting in)

Reaction time is a factor in this, so please pay attention and answer quickly as you can.

Leon compresses his lips and nods his big head eagerly.

HOLDEN

A man goes into the desert.
He's walking along in the sand.
when he looks down and sees a...

LEON

What one?

HOLDEN

What?

LEON

What desert?

HOLDEN

It doesn't make any difference what
desert -- it's completely hypothetical.

LEON

But how come he'd be there?

HOLDEN

Maybe he's fed up, maybe he wants
to be by himself -- who knows?
Anyway, the man looks down and
sees a tortoise crawling towards
him and...

LEON

A tortoise? What's that?

HOLDEN

You know what a turtle is?

LEON

Of course.

HOLDEN

Same thing.

LEON

I don't think there are any more
turtles.

He sees Holden's patience is wearing thin.

LEON

But I understand what you mean.

HOLDEN

The man reaches down and flips
the tortoise over on its back.

Keeping an eye on his subject, Holden notes the dials in
the Voight-Kampff. One of the needles quivers slightly.

LEON

You make up these questions, Mr. Holden, or they write 'em down for you?

Disregarding the question, Holden continues, picking up his pace.

HOLDEN

The tortoise lays on its back, its belly baking in the hot sun, beating its legs trying to turn itself over. But it can't. Not without the man's help. But the man's not helping.

LEON

Wait a minute! Why would a man want to turn over a perfectly good turtle?

HOLDEN

To torture it, Leon!

Leon looks shocked, surprised. But the needles in the computer barely move. Holden goes for the inside of his coat. But big Leon is faster. His laser burns a hole the size of a nickel through Holden's stomach. Unlike a bullet, a laser causes no impact. It goes through Holden's spine and comes out his back, clean as a whistle. Like a rag doll he falls back off the bench from the waist up. By the time he hits the floor, big slow Leon is already walking away, but he stops, turns and with a little smile of satisfaction, fires at the machine on the table.

There's a little flash and a puff of smoke. The Voight-Kampff is hit dead center, crippled but not destroyed; as Leon walks out of the room, one of its lights begins to blink, faint but steady.

The SCREEN GOES BLACK and the MAIN TITLES ROLL.

THE ANIMAL EMPORIUM - DAY

A prestigious establishment in the heart of the city. The window display features a frisky little goat. She has a shiny black coat, a twitching tail and looks like mischief.

It's a little early in the day for fans, but there's one out there. He stands on the other side of the window, transfixed.

At thirty-five DECKARD is as trim and firm as he was at twenty. No extras like fat or wasted motion. Not normally a demonstrative man, but right now there's longing in his eyes.

The goat prances up to the window, puts her nose against it and looks back at him with keen, inquisitive eyes. Deckard reaches out and touches the glass.

THE SHOW ROOM - DAY

It looks like a swank, Rolls Royce car dealership, selling animals instead of cars. Not many, but each of them looks well cared for and has its own select space. Except for piped-in music it's pretty quiet. Business is slow today.

Two nattily-dressed salesmen at the rear of the store look up as Deckard comes in. Their eyes follow him across the show room floor, past a jackrabbit, a turkey and an adolescent kangaroo.

Deckard stops at the little picket fence that encloses the goat and whistles softly for her attention.

A stiff-necked SALESMAN comes up from behind. Because he hasn't made a sale in five and a half weeks, his sanctimoniousness is mitigated, but only a little.

SALESMAN

Are you in the market today, sir,
or just browsing?

He makes the word browsing sound like a sexual offense. Deckard doesn't even look up. He's trying to get the goat's attention.

DECKARD

Me? I'm in the market.

The Salesman's voice takes on a patronizing purr. The kind that inspires strangling.

SALESMAN

She's quite the little beauty,
isn't she? Her name is Baba.

Deckard calls her in a whisper.

DECKARD

Baba.

The goat comes closer and Deckard reaches out to touch her.

SALESMAN

I'd say at this time there's
probably no more than a hundred
and fifty of these in the state.

Deckard grabs one of her horns, but she jerks her head
away. A real coquette.

SALESMAN

Are you familiar with the Black
Nubian, sir?

Deckard climbs over the fence into her pen. That
doesn't please the Salesman, but selling the goat would.
Baba backs away from Deckard, head low, promising a
charge.

SALESMAN

A real contender in this year's
market. For the serious animal
lover she's an unbeatable investment.

Baba charges. Deckard catches her by the horns and
wrestles her head playfully. The Salesman hesitates.

DECKARD

I'm listening.

SALESMAN

One of the many advantages with the
Nubian is that they come in heat
three times a year, plus it's a
part of the package here at Superior
Animal to furnish low cost insemination
service...

Baba is chasing Deckard around the pen. He's down on his
hands and knees rough-housing with her. The goat is
excited and making noise. The Salesman is uneasy. It's
not that kind of establishment. Some of the other animal
inmates are answering and it's getting pretty loud at
Superior Animal. The Salesman clears his throat.

SALESMAN

Another advantage in owning a goat
is longevity. Some animals you
invest in, take them home and find
out the next morning they've eaten
something radioactive and that's
that. But not with your goat --
they can withstand things that would
harm a less durable animal.

A pause.

SALESMAN

And, as you can see, they're
extrememly playful.

It's obvious Deckard isn't listening, even if he could
hear.

DECKARD

How much?

The Salesman looks at Deckard distastefully.

SALESMAN

Perhaps sir would be kind enough
to step into my office.

Deckard continues playing with Baba.

DECKARD

How much is she?

The Salesman almost whispers.

SALESMAN

Thirty-nine thousand dollars.

With a loud whoop Deckard charges Baba, grabbing her by
the horns, and rolls with her in the hay. The Salesman
nervously rushes forward as the manager of the store and
two other salesmen come out of their offices.

SALESMAN

Sir, please! Fraternizing with
the merchandise is against the
rules. If it's window-shopping
you want, you're on the wrong
side of the glass.

Deckard, his clothes and hair speckled with hay, slowly
rises and steps over the fence, grabs the Salesman's
hand and pumps it.

DECKARD

Thank you, I've had a wonderful
time.

He walks away, leaving a trail of hay over the polished
marble floor, and exits the store.

The four salesmen stand speechless.

Baba bleats.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

An enormous gray vault of a building. A businesslike Deckard strides down the corridor with his briefcase and police ID pinned to his coat. He comes to a door, it slides open and he enters his office. The old computer by the door registers as he walks in.

COMPUTER

Good morning, Mr. Deckard.

DECKARD

Morning, P-1.

COMPUTER

Inspector Bryant wants you in his office.

Deckard starts out the door again.

COMPUTER

It's about Mr. Holden.

DECKARD

What about Mr. Holden?

The computer doesn't respond.

DECKARD

What about him?

Deckard looks like he might kick it.

COMPUTER

He's in the hospital.

Exasperated, Deckard moves closer.

DECKARD

Yes?

Computer whispers.

COMPUTER

He got shot, Mr. Deckard.

He contemplates the computer a moment and leaves.

THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Deckard sits across from BRYANT. The Inspector is in his fifties. The deep creases in his face, the broken capillaries in his nose say brawler, spoiler, drinker. But the diplomas on the wall say something else. He holds a microfile up to Deckard.

BRYANT

I-M-4-P-D referred to as Nexus 6,
Humanoid Robot, the Tyrell
Corporation's new pride and joy.
Holden was administering the
Voight-Kampff test when he was
nailed.

DECKARD

How is he?

BRYANT

Bad. Severed spine. They're
trying to get a clever metal
section to take. But who knows?

Bryant gets up and moves around his desk.

DECKARD

Hard to imagine an andy that
could waste Holden.

BRYANT

This is not your average android.

Deckard is up and following Bryant through the door.

THE OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Amid computers and transparent tracking maps, Bryant
and Deckard huddle over a vid console. They're watching
the naked figure of a female android. She's human in
every detail and has a body like Venus DeMilo. As she
rotates slowly on a pedestal a male voice from the ma-
chine points up her qualities.

VOICE

This model from the Tyrell
Corporation can assume any one of
fourteen basic reaction patterns
in a forty-fifth of a second. Mary
Linda is capable of selecting
within a field of two million
separate neural pathways. That
means this Nexus-6 is capable of a
multitude of behavioral patterns,
and except for bio-synthetics, a
hundred percent organic.

Over the explanation MARY LINDA is thrown a golf ball.
Displaying the material legitimacy of it, she bounces it
off the floor a couple times; then, between index finger
and thumb, she crushes it like a marshmallow,

VOICE

The Tyrell Corporation has succeeded in making the Nexus-6 an android of spectacular strength and mental agility. In her class it is unlikely there's an opponent that could beat her in the Colonial Games. She's fast and considered very safe. A more lovable android you'll not find on the market for a long...

Bryant switches it off,

BRYANT

Cute, huh?

DECKARD

How many escaped?

They have started to walk.

BRYANT

Originally seven. A gladiator model called Roy Batty engineered the escape. Killed twenty-three people on the colony, not including his owners. Stole a ship, came down back East. I haven't had my breakfast yet.

THE COMMISSARY - DAY

A glass enclosed cafeteria at the top of the building, quiet and well lit. Outside it's starting to drizzle. Bryant's a big man, he eats a big breakfast. Deckard's listening.

BRYANT

They split up, did character covers, all the usual. New York got one and one was retired two days ago at the Tyrell facility trying to get away with bio-data and morphology records. Two guards were killed, then the Nexus went through an electro-field and went up in smoke. So we can assume they're trying to find a way to extend their longevity. An understandable quest considering they're not made to last.

DECKARD

How long?

BRYANT

The specs say three to four years.
(MORE)

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Gotta make room for new models,
keep the market moving.

DECKARD

You got a machine on it yet?

BRYANT

We're using Esper. A 15/900 that
picked up Holden's alarm. Its
guess so far is that all five are
in the city.

DECKARD

Where do I start?

Bryant spreads a thick layer of margarine over a sweet
roll. Behind him the rain slithers across the glass.

BRYANT

The Tyrell facility. They've got
a model up there. Check it out
on the Voight-Kampff. There's a
chance the Nexus-6 is beyond our
ability to detect. If that's the
case everybody's up shit creek.
Get an ICS clearance. Esper'll
have proclivity evaluations by the
time you get back.

Deckard is up, ready to go.

BRYANT

I don't have to tell you, Deckard,
the biggest incentive to emigrate
is still free labor. If the public
finds out that these androids could
become killers they wouldn't be so
hot to go, would they?

Deckard nods.

BRYANT

This is one of the worst ones we've
had -- so keep it low, okay?

Deckard shrugs innocently.

DECKARD

Of course, what else?

THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

From the dark below a tattered, but robust old woman of
the shopping bag and tennis shoe variety climbs the
stairs to street level.

It's a run-down section of town, little frequented, but the old buildings, varnished with rain, look cleansed in the gray noon light.

The woman turns a corner and walks towards a church at the end of the street. An American gothic, handsome and deserted.

She moves along a narrow pathway to the rear, hobbles down a flight of stairs and through a door into a corridor. Not much light in here, but it doesn't slow her progress.

THE CRYPT - DAY

The young lady sitting on the stool has cornflower blue eyes and blonde hair. The healthy, delicate bloom of her skin and sweet, full lips make PRIS look like a high school cheerleader. She sits there chewing gum, sullen and bored.

The little machine on the table against the wall is surrounded with a sphere of violet light which pulses in time to a low, syncopated "BLEEP." The WOMAN leaning against it is pretty, a touch of gray in her hair, an American dream mom, right out of "Father Knows Best." She's humming a lullaby in time to the pulse of the machine.

The man standing in the corner with the listening device in his ear also resembles a tradition. ROY BATTY looks like a gym instructor, short cropped hair with a body like a drill-sergeant, but there the resemblance ends. His eyes are gray and chilling.

As one, the three of them look towards the door. It opens and the old woman enters, comes down the steps and pulls off her wig. It's Leon. The Nexus-6 that lasered Holden.

He's soaked and looks in need of a little affirmation. But nobody's interested. Pris tries to yawn. Mary continues humming and Batty listens to whatever it is coming through the dish-receptor attached to the wall. Leon just stands there, perfectly still.

There's an airless kind of torpor, as if everything down here were waiting and had been for centuries.

Pris suddenly groans a long teenage groan. But there's no response.

PRIS

I don't like being down here anymore.

BATTY

Soon.

PRIS

Soon what?

She looks at each of them. No reply.

PRIS

We could wait forever for this dummy.

BATTY

We haven't got forever.

LEON

Then why don't we just go to him?

BATTY

Because that's not the plan.

LEON

What's he doing now?

BATTY

Working. The TV's on.

Leon smirks.

LEON

What else is new?

Pris brightens.

PRIS

I killed the priest.

LEON

Why?

BATTY

He suggested we leave, so I let her have him.

LEON

Where is he?

A little proud, a little coy, Pris lifts her eyes and Leon looks up.

The body hangs head down from the ceiling. Its face is battered and swollen, tongue extended, glaring down at them in a hideous grin.

THE COMMERCIAL

A mellow-mouthed TV announcer delivers the message as a Latin-looking beauty in a well fitted maid's uniform does a twirl, flashes a beguiling smile and glides out of frame.

She's replaced by an impeccable Ray Bolger type gentleman's gentleman who clicks his heels, snaps to attention and struts off to make room for the next.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Choose from a variety of seventy-nine different personality types. Each and every one a loyal, trouble-free companion -- given to you upon your arrival absolutely free...

The TV set is on the far end of a large work-table. But J.R. SEBASTIAN isn't watching. He's bent over a stereoscope, his face hidden in the viewer. The tool in his right hand is a sensor probe and he uses it with the delicacy of an engraver.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

To use either as personal body servant or tireless field hand -- the custom tailored humanoid robot, designed especially for your needs.

The object of J.R. Sebastian's concentration is a maze-like chip configuration no bigger than a thumbnail, but magnified under the scope, it looks like an aerial view of a large city. The needle-like sensor probe moves carefully over the contours of the configuration, testing the bonds.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Just some of the many wonders awaiting you up there in a world rich with every imaginable possibility. So come on, America, let's put our team up there. Give this country another chance. Let's go to the Colonies!

The sensor probe pauses -- a blue flash erupts from one of the junctures.

SEBASTIAN

Damn!

Sebastian snaps off the TV, takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. His face is young, on the verge of manhood, but something has gone too far, too fast. Premature old age has made his bones brittle and his hair gray. Like an old man his coordination is slow, but his delicate fingers are to machinery what a green thumb is to plants. He stands up to relieve his tired back.

SEBASTIAN

Stretch the spine, relax the mind.

His little apartment is well stocked with items of survival, all labeled and stacked. And if he gets lonely, there's lots of company. Shelved along the walls and hung from the ceiling is a menagerie of animoids -- like so many broken toys awaiting resurrection from his wise hands.

Suddenly the solution comes and he sits back down, prattling to himself as he works.

SEBASTIAN

What were you thinking? You can't cue the sensor till you plant the conductor. Might as well put the cart before the horse... or count your griffons before they're hatched.

With a flourish, he holds up the chip, turning it over in his hand, admiring it.

SEBASTIAN

'What's he called?'
He's called a griffon.
'When will he die?'
Never.
'How come?'
Because I make 'em to last.

Pleased with himself, he snaps off the scope and stands. As he crosses the room he addresses the company at large.

SEBASTIAN

Okay, boys, time for a nap. See ya in two hours.

Simultaneously several of the more talented animoids pipe up in a chorus -- a couple of them bob and wheel about, flapping and tooting -- one hollers "Don't let the bed bugs bite!"

As Sebastian turns into his bedroom, a little gray mouse on the shelf by his face, says:

MOUSE

Sweet dreams, boss.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks, Enoch.

And with his hands pressed to the small of his back, Sebastian goes in for his nap.

THE TYRELL CORPORATION - DAY

It rises out of the metallic air like the Tower of Babel.

The artificial plants on the tropical roof garden are covered in sleet. With a gentle rocking motion, Deckard brings his hovercraft down on the landing pad and gets out. A young lady dressed for the cold comes forward to greet him.

She would look right standing on a cliff, hair blowing in the wind, looking out to sea, in a 19th century painting.

RACHAEL

Hello, Mr. Deckard. I'm Rachael Tyrell. My uncle is waiting: follow me, please.

No woman can be all things to all men, but Rachael comes closer than most. The only trouble is, she's all business. Formidable without really trying.

RACHAEL

It seems your department doesn't believe our new unit is to the public benefit.

DECKARD

A humanoid robot is like any other machine, it can be a benefit or a hazard. If it's a benefit, it's not our problem.

RACHAEL

But because your department can't do an adequate job in detecting the miniscule number at large, it's a problem. Correct, Mr. Deckard?

They pass into a canopied, air-filtered corridor. Deckard doesn't answer the question because he's looking at the animals. Small northern animals in neat "environmental" cages. He looks at the rabbit, the raccoon and the squirrel, but the owl asleep on its perch stops him. The armed guard at the exit never takes his eyes off them.

RACHAEL

You like our owl?

Deckard nods. Rachael claps her hands. The owl opens its yellow eyes and blinks at them.

DECKARD

It's artificial?

RACHAEL

Of course not.

DECKARD

But there are no more owls.
(MORE)

DECKARD (CONT'D)
There're listed extinct. Look in
your Sydneys.

RACHAEL
But we don't buy from Sydneys.
We have our own naturalists
working up in Canada.

The owl closes its eyes to resume its slumber. Its
chest rises and falls as if it sighed.

RACHAEL
What kind of animal do you have,
Mr. Deckard?

Still involved with the owl, he replies mechanically.

DECKARD
A sheep. A black-faced Suffolk
ewe.

She flashes him a bright, perfect-toothed smile.

RACHAEL
Well, then, you must be a very
happy man.

Hands thrust in her coat pockets, she strides off towards
the exit without looking back. Annoyed, Deckard hesi-
tates, then trails after her.

The exit is an elevator. Deckard enters and the door
slides shut. He tries to ignore her cool, appraising
stare.

RACHAEL
You're in a very unique position,
Mr. Deckard. You could affect the
future of this entire organization
according to how you work your
little test.

Deckard has nothing to say.

RACHAEL
Are you apprehensive?

DECKARD
Why should I be?

RACHAEL
For the responsibility of your
power. Being a little police
bureaucrat, you've got more than
your share.

The door slides open. Deckard looks down at her.

DECKARD

You got it wrong, girl. I work
with the bureau, not for them.
I'm a bounty hunter.

He lets it sink in.

DECKARD

My job isn't to detect malfunctioning
andies, it's to eliminate them.
The more the better.

He walks out of the elevator first.

THE INNER SANCTUM OF DR. TYRELL - DAY

The office is dimly lit, the furniture antique. So is the dapper DR. TYRELL. He leans against the desk, looking into an old-fashioned pocket watch. In it, he watches Deckard and Rachael walk down the hall, their footsteps tiny but audible. The only other SOUND is the insidious perking of coffee brewing in the background. As they come through the office door, Tyrell snaps the lid shut and slips the "watch" into a vest pocket.

RACHAEL

Mr. Deckard, this is my uncle, Dr.
Tyrell.

TYRELL

How do you do, Mr. Deckard. Please
sit down. I was just about to have
some real coffee. Would you care
for a cup?

DECKARD

Thanks.

TYRELL

Dear?

RACHAEL

No thank you.

Tyrell pours from an old-time percolator into fine china cups.

TYRELL

Somehow, I didn't expect the man
who did the dirty work would be
the man to do the technical work.
Here you are, Mr. Deckard.

Deckard breathes in the fragrance of the coffee.

TYRELL
Is this to be an empathy test?

DECKARD
Yes.

TYRELL
Capillary dilation of the so-called
blush response? Plus fluctuation
of the pupil, plus involuntary
dilation of the iris?

Deckard nods.

TYRELL
May I ask a personal question?

DECKARD
Go ahead.

TYRELL
Have you ever retired a human by
mistake?

DECKARD
No.

TYRELL
But in your profession that is a
risk.

DECKARD
Nothing is infallible, but so far
the Voight-Kampff scale has been
foolproof.

TYRELL
Like you said, Mr. Deckard, a
machine can be a hazard. The
Voight-Kampff scale is a machine,
isn't it?

DECKARD
One that relies on human
interpretation.

TYRELL
A human's interpretation of a
machine's interpretation of a
suspected machine's interpretation
of a human?

Both Rachael and old Dr. Tyrell laugh.

TYRELL
Let's get on with it, then.

DECKARD
Where's the subject?

TYRELL
Sitting next to you.

Deckard stares at the unflappable Miss Tyrell, then back at her uncle. Delighted, Tyrell takes a sip of coffee.

Accepting the challenge, Deckard opens his briefcase and starts fishing out the apparatus.

THE VOIGHT-KAMPFF

Rachael's eye fills the screen, the iris brilliant, shot with light, the pupil contracting:

DECKARD'S VOICE
You're given a calfskin wallet for
your birthday.

RACHAEL'S VOICE
I wouldn't accept it. Also, I'd
report the person who gave it to
me to the police.

In the soft green glow of the dials, Dr. Tyrell stands silhouetted behind Deckard, who sits in front of Rachael, a pencil beam trained in her eye, wire mesh discs attached to her cheeks,

DECKARD
You have a little boy. He shows
you his butterfly collection, plus
the killing jar.

RACHAEL
I'd take him to the doctor.

DECKARD
You're watching TV and suddenly
you notice a wasp crawling on your
wrist.

RACHAEL
Wasp?

TYRELL
She's only twenty-three, Deckard.

DECKARD
A flying insect that stings you.

RACHAEL
I'd kill it.

The needles in both gauges of the Voight-Kampff swing violently past the green into red. Deckard makes a note, takes a sip of coffee and continues.

DECKARD

In a magazine you come across a full-page photo of a nude girl...

RACHAEL

Is this testing whether I'm an android or a lesbian?

DECKARD

You show the picture to your husband. He likes it and hangs it on the wall. The girl is lying on a bearskin rug.

RACHAEL

I wouldn't let him.

DECKARD

You become pregnant by a man who runs off with your best friend and you decide to get an abortion.

RACHAEL

I'd never get an abortion.

The needles palpitate restlessly but no more. Deckard is picking up the pace.

DECKARD

Why not?

RACHAEL

Because it's against the law. You can't.

DECKARD

How do you know that?

RACHAEL

Everybody knows that.

DECKARD

Sounds like you spoke from experience.

He notes the needles. One goes to green, the other remains inert.

DECKARD

Last question. You're watching an old movie. It shows a banquet in progress. The guests are enjoying raw oysters.

RACHAEL

Ugh!

Both needles swing swiftly.

DECKARD

The entree consists of boiled dog
stuffed with rice,

Needles move less.

DECKARD

The raw oysters are less acceptable
to you than a dish of boiled dog?

Deckard removes the adhesive discs from her cheeks and
switches off his beam.

DECKARD

Lights please.

The lights come up.

TYRELL

Well?

DECKARD

Android.

Both men look at Rachael. She's very still and very
pale.

TYRELL

Don't be afraid of him. You're
not an escaped android on Earth
illegally. You're the property
of the Tyrell Corporation.

It doesn't help -- she's in shock. Deckard is not un-
moved.

DECKARD

It didn't know?

TYRELL

False memory. We programmed her
completely. But I think she was
beginning to suspect. Yes, my
dear?

Rachael nods her head, fixedly. Deckard doesn't like it.
He turns away and starts packing up his equipment.
Tyrell is watching him carefully.

TYRELL

How many questions does it usually
take, Mr. Deckard?

DECKARD
Maximum twelve.

TYRELL
How many for her?

DECKARD
Seventeen.

Deckard isn't pleased at all but the old man is.

TYRELL
You're going to have to be on
your toes, Deckard. Why don't
you take her along? She could
be very helpful.

DECKARD
What's so important about her
coming with me?

Tyrell leans closer, a mischievous glint in his eye.

TYRELL
The fact is, if anything happens
to you, it could be bad for
business. So for the good of all,
I recommend you take her with you.
The Nexus-6 is very quick on its
feet. And a lot smarter than most
of the folks around here.

He winks at Deckard.

DECKARD
No, thanks.

Deckard snaps his briefcase shut and starts for the door.

TYRELL
Tell Mr. Deckard if he takes you
with him, he can have our owl.

RACHEL
You can have the owl, Mr. Deckard.

Deckard turns.

DECKARD
Watch out, Dr. Tyrell, or you
could get yourself indicted for
bribery.

TYRELL
Don't threaten, Deckard. It
sounds unpatriotic,

The old man is becoming agitated,

TYRELL

You think it's easy to make an android tame enough to be a slave and fierce enough to win in the gladiator games?

His voice is alarmed and bitter.

TYRELL

We could have stopped with the old electrics! But no, we had to keep up with the Russians! I knew it was going to lead to trouble, but we had to produce what the colonists wanted. If we hadn't, other firms would have. We're just following the time-honored principle of supply and demand. Every emigrant's ultimate incentive is the android servant! That's how they're used up there, Mr. Bounty Hunter, as donkeys! No wonder they're trying to escape. Wouldn't you? We're donkey makers!

Old Mr. Tyrell starts to bray, right into Deckard's face.

TYRELL

Hee-Haw! Hee-Haw! Hee-Haw!

Deckard grabs the old man by the lapels and yanks him silent. Tyrell smiles like a mule.

DECKARD

(quietly)

You're an android.

Deckard looks up as the door opens. A second DR. TYRELL enters.

DR. TYRELL

With all due respect, Mr. Deckard, I don't know how you're going to deal with the Nexus-6 if you can't handle him.

The new Dr. Tyrell walks across the room, a little tired, a little less vital than his counterpart.

DR. TYRELL

Excuse our enthusiasm, but lately he gets a little carried away, don't you, Eldon?

Eldon nods enthusiastically.

DR. TYRELL
He's no Nexus-6. He's not even a
5, are you, boy?

Eldon shakes his head emphatically.

DR. TYRELL
Take off your head for the
gentleman, Eldon.

With some difficulty he does. A moment of silence, then
Deckard looks at the real Dr. Tyrell.

DECKARD
Human impersonation by androids
is against the law.

DR. TYRELL
Just an innocent joke. A long
time ago we used him as a
promotional device.

DECKARD
And to handle your bribes?

DR. TYRELL
That wasn't so much a bribe as an
inducement to get the job done.

DECKARD
I could have an injunction brought
against you. You could be shut
down for this.

DR. TYRELL
I doubt it. The manufacture of
androids has become so linked with
the colonization effort that if
one were to stop so would the other.
So don't threaten us with shutdown.
Like Uncle Eldon says, it sounds
unpatriotic.

Deckard turns to leave.

DECKARD
One thing.

DR. TYRELL
What's that?

DECKARD
Is the owl real?

Tyrell just shakes his head and smiles at the poor bastard.
Deckard glances at Rachael, then at Uncle Eldon standing
there holding his head. He walks out of the office door.

THE SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

It's disarranged and dusty, cluttered with artificial animal parts -- a few animoids lying around in various states of disrepair. HANNIBAL SLOAT, proprietor, is a small, spindly man with a gray, seamed face, wears his spectacles low on the nose. The counter in front of him littered with invoices and tools of the trade. Sebastian stands on the other side of it. Sloat tilts his head back and looks up at him.

SLOAT

What else?

SEBASTIAN

And two eight point number six crystals.

Sloat writes it down, then hollers over his shoulder to his parts man.

SLOAT

And two octagonal number sixes.

SEBASTIAN

Also three B-L-O metaphasers and a cyborg rolation blocker.

SLOAT

You hear that, Milt?

MILT

Got it.

MILT, fat and aproned, wheezes through the narrow aisle reaching up into the shelves, filling the order.

SLOAT

Last week you wanted a beak and a pound of feathers -- what the hell you making -- a turkey?

SEBASTIAN

Nope.

SLOAT

How much is he paying you?

Sebastian looks around like he didn't hear it. Irritated, Sloat checks the account.

SLOAT

You're in twenty-seven hundred bucks so far. Big job. Hope you're gonna make some money this time.

.

Milt waddles up with the items.

SLOAT

What do you think of a guy who doesn't have enough brains to clear himself a decent profit?

MILT

He probably just wants to do a decent job, Han.

SLOAT

What he wants to do is screw himself. Look, Sebastian, a guy like Tyrell loves to pay -- he'd like to get charged twice as much as anybody else. Makes him feel good.

Sebastian nods.

SLOAT

Okay, never mind about you -- when do I get paid?

SEBASTIAN

Soon's I finish the job.

SLOAT

And when might that be?

SEBASTIAN

Day after tomorrow.

SLOAT

Oh! The day after tomorrow!

Sebastian stands there, patiently waiting.

SLOAT

Give him the stuff.

Milt hands over the merchandise.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks, Mr. Sloat.

SLOAT

You're not looking so hot, Sebastian -- this job is getting to you.

But Sebastian's already walking out the door.

SLOAT

Poor bastard.

THE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Sebastian comes out of Sloats shop and walks quickly to his truck.

It's an old panel job with ambulance siren and lights. The lettering on the side reads: J.R. SEBASTIAN "ANIMOID EXPRESS." Sebastian gets in, starts up the engine and suddenly realizes he's not alone. It's a jolt that causes him to yelp.

PRIS is sprawled on the seat next to him, and wakes up with a yelp of her own. They stare at one another for a startled instant, and she jumps out and starts walking.

But she's forgotten her little beat-up overnight case. Sebastian puts the truck in gear, drives up next to her and opens the door.

SEBASTIAN

Hey! You forgot your...

He holds up the bag. Hesitantly she reaches for it.

SEBASTIAN

How come you were in my truck?

PRIS

I was tired and didn't have any place to go.

She stares at him, hand on her case, looking lost. Sebastian isn't good at this, but he tries.

SEBASTIAN

You can get back in if you want...

She can't make up her mind.

SEBASTIAN

Don't worry, I won't hurt you.

She gets in and they drive away. Both of them are silent.

People are not Sebastian's medium -- usually he's too shy, but this girl is shyer still, plus they're about the same age -- it gives him courage.

SEBASTIAN
What's your name?

PRIS
Pris.

SEBASTIAN
Mine's J.R. Sebastian.

PRIS
Hi.

So pleased with the way that went, he forgets for a while what comes next.

SEBASTIAN
Oh! Where do you want to go?

She shrugs. That leaves him a lot of responsibility. He throws her side-long glances, but she's not helping.

SEBASTIAN
You wanna go home?

PRIS
I don't have one.

SEBASTIAN
Oh.

He drives on, keeping his eye on the road, but what do you do with a teenage beauty who looks like she's lost out of some "Welcome To Sunny Arizona" poster?

SEBASTIAN
Where are your folks?

PRIS
They left.

SEBASTIAN
What about friends?

PRIS
I have some, but I have to find out where they are staying.

She leans forward and rests her elbows on the dash. Her body would win prizes, from any angle.

SEBASTIAN
Well, where should I take you?

She looks at him -- a shadow of enticement in her clear blue eyes.

PRIS
We scared each other pretty good,
didn't we?

SEBASTIAN
We sure did.

She giggles. He laughs.

PRIS
I'm hungry, J.R.

SEBASTIAN
I've got stuff. If you wanna go
to my place?

PRIS
I was hoping you'd say that.

Sebastian's face is normally on the grey side, but it just turned red.

THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sebastian's at his desk, bent over his project, plugging away. Pris comes up behind him, a half-eaten sandwich in her hand.

PRIS
Whatcha doin'?

Sebastian jumps. She's light on her feet.

SEBASTIAN
You scared me.

She looks a little older, her face is made up, her dress is sexy.

SEBASTIAN
You look... better.

PRIS
Just better?

SEBASTIAN
Beautiful.

PRIS
Thanks.

He watches her as she moves around the room, looking at this and that, eating her sandwich.

PRIS
You live in this building all by
yourself?

SEBASTIAN
Yeah, I live here pretty much
alone right now. Most of the
others have emigrated.

He tries to make light of it.

SEBASTIAN
No housing shortage around here
-- plenty of room for everybody.

She sprawls on the couch studying him.

PRIS
How old are you?

He can't meet her eyes.

SEBASTIAN
Twenty.

PRIS
What's your problem?

It's not an easy subject. His voice is barely audible.

SEBASTIAN
My glands.

PRIS
What's wrong with 'em?

SEBASTIAN
They make me old too fast. It's
called the Methuselah Syndrome.

PRIS
Is that why you're still here?

SEBASTIAN
Yes. I couldn't pass the test.

There is a silence. He steals a glance at her.

PRIS
I like you just like you are.

Under the desk he bats his knees together.

SEBASTIAN
Ah, you get hold of your friends?

PRIS

As a matter of fact I did, They've got some work to do tonight, but they're gonna come tomorrow.

SEBASTIAN

Good,

The implications catch up.

SEBASTIAN

I can sleep on the couch.

She closes her eyes like a cat and smiles.

THE OLD OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Onstage four Mexican acrobats, in matching metallic jumpsuits, roll head over heels in their rendition of a human wheel. From the P.A. system the Announcer's voice blares through the cavernous theatre.

ANNOUNCER

Let's hear it for the Hermano Brothers,

Scattered APPLAUSE. Hand in hand, the Hermano Brothers bow deeply, spring up and trot offstage.

ANNOUNCER

Next we're gonna see a little charmer who keeps her dancing partner in a basket! She comes to us all the way from exotic Casablanca. Zhora!

The old boys in the pit strike up a tinny version of "In A Persian Market" as ZHORA dances out on stage. She's a black-haired beauty in a scant belly dancer costume, a couple pounds overweight, but all in the right places. She kneels ceremoniously center stage and sets the basket down before her. Carefully removing the lid, she reaches in and lifts out a four-foot harlequin-patterned python. Grinding her hips to the music, she rises, holding the coiling snake out like an offering. Sounds of approval from the audience. The gold coins covering her breasts jingle and shimmer, as she weaves sensuously around the floor.

THE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

It's small and cluttered. The door opens and Zhora flounces in. Deckard sits at her dressing room table. If she's startled, she doesn't show it.

She pulls off her black wig and throws it on the table. With her yellow hair, she looks like a sunflower, but the voice comes out lower Eastside, New York City.

ZHORA
What do you want?

DECKARD
Internal Security.

Without taking his eyes off her, he flips out his card.

ZHORA
So?

DECKARD
You Zhora Teasdale?

ZHORA
Yeah, is that against the law?

DECKARD
I'm here to run an identity test.

ZHORA
Sure picked a hell of a time to do it.

She takes the snake from around her shoulders and gently lays it on the table. Deckard steals a glance as it undulates into the warmth of the light.

DECKARD
Is he real?

ZHORA
Of course he's not real. You think I'd be working here if I had a real snake?

DECKARD
It's a good job.

ZHORA
You mean the snake?

Deckard nods.

ZHORA
The best.

DECKARD
Does it eat?

ZHORA
Come on!

DECKARD
I got a sheep that does,

ZHORA
Electric?

He nods. His hand reaches out to touch the snake. As his fingers make contact there's an electrical "SNAP." He jerks his hand back from the shock.

ZHORA
Jeezus!

She goes for the snake.

DECKARD
Don't move.

She freezes.

ZHORA
. What do you mean, don't move!
How come you're scaring me?

DECKARD
Don't move so fast.

ZHORA
A circuit just blew! You wanna buy me a new one?! What the hell do you want? What kinda test is this?

DECKARD
Standard personality profile -- won't take long.

Rattled, she reaches for her purse.

DECKARD
Hold it.

His hand goes inside his coat.

ZHORA
What?! I was just gonna get a stick of gum.

Cautiously she reaches into her purse and makes a grand gesture of bringing out gum.

ZHORA
See?

She pops a stick into her mouth and chews vigorously.

ZHORA

Look, I already had my impairment quotient test or whatever you call it. I can prove it.

She dumps the contents of her purse on the table, looks through the junk for her ID, finds it and hands it to him. The snake noses through the cosmetics, tongue flicking, trying to get back to its mistress.

ZHORA

I might sound dumb, but I'm not impaired.

DECKARD

I didn't say you were.

ZHORA

Then how come I'm getting an IQ?

DECKARD

Who says it's an IQ?

A pause. Absently she reaches out to stroke the snake. Suddenly she laughs.

ZHORA

You think I'm a 'droid? Ha! Wait till my old man hears about this.

He stares at her a moment, then down at her ID. Her hand closes around the snake's head. Deckard looks up in time to see it coming, but can't move fast enough. She strikes him so hard, it knocks him off the chair. Before he hits the floor she kicks him in the stomach. The snake whistles through the air as Deckard rolls out of the way. It slams down so hard, it ruptures against the floor. He goes for his laser but she's already out the door.

Deckard bounds out of the room and sees her go through a door at the other end of the hall. He sprints after her, arrives at the door and flings it open. Blackness. The sound of her high heels clatter down metal steps.

Into the enormous whale belly of the theatre basement he descends. The big iron door swings shut behind him. His footsteps slow as he enters total darkness. Hers have disappeared completely.

He hits bottom and stops, holding his breath to listen. The silence is huge. A wicked laugh from behind. He spins and FIRES up the stairs. The laser beam splits through the dark. There's a gasp at the other end. Silence. Cautiously he takes one stair at a time, until he's halfway up, tentatively takes a couple more steps and pauses.

The laughter erupts again from below and further away this time. He fires into the blackness. Her voice echoes back through the hollow distance.

ZHORA
You're a dead man!

Quietly he moves down the steps, gets to the floor and creaks through the dark towards the voice.

ZHORA
(mockingly)
I can see ya, Deckard.

He keeps coming, trying to get a bead on the voice.

DECKARD
How'd you know my name?

No answer. He stops. Her voice breaks the air with the clarity of an oracle. It comes from above.

ZHORA
We know who you are.

Laughter, followed by a "snap." Instinctively, Deckard jumps to the side. What sounds like a concrete block crunches into the floor where he was standing. He fires into the air several times.

DECKARD
Motherfucker!

Her phantom voice sounds like it's swinging through the air.

ZHORA
Don't blow your wad, honey!

Looking for cover he runs blindly into a wall and collapses against it. Breathing hard, he waits for his heart to stop pounding so he can listen. The taunting voice comes from close by.

ZHORA
I'm coming up behind you.

He spins and fires twice. A long silence. Her laughter peels through the void. There's a flash of light at the top of the stairs as she whisks through the door and slams it behind her. Deckard charges across the basement floor, hurtles up the stairway, firing as he goes. The door looks like Swiss cheese by the time he goes through.

THE STREET - NIGHT

The front of the Opera House is open only to foot traffic these days. A bizarre place on a Friday night; hawkers and whores, the rabble, the poor and the curious mill around the randy-built platforms and brightly lit stands. Zhora, in her belly dancer's costume, is not out of place in this flea market atmosphere. Trying not to run, she slices through the mob as quickly as she can. Deckard's not far behind, dodging and side-stepping, trying to keep up.

She comes to an intersection and turns out of the mall onto a less crowded street. She glances over her shoulder as she breaks into a run and runs right into a couple of pedestrians. All three go down.

Deckard comes out of the crowd in time to spot her getting to her feet. She sees him and runs. The two pedestrians are in his line of fire. He runs past them and drops to one knee, leveling his laser.

DECKARD

Stop or you're dead!

Zhora cuts into a store. A brightly lit pharmacy. People are shopping in the comforting sterility of the pharmaceutical silence. Everything clean and cool.

Here, she's definitely out of place. The customers turn and stare. She moves towards them, a frightened child.

ZHORA

Please help me. Please... there's a man trying to kill me.

Deckard bursts through the door, out of breath, the back of his coat slashed and blood-stained. Nobody moves. Zhora shrinks away. His laser is pointing right at her.

DECKARD

You coming? Or you want it here?

Whimpering and big-eyed, she shakes her head. He motions her around the front of him, keeping the laser aimed at her head, and falls in behind her. They go out the door into the street.

DECKARD

Left.

She obeys. He walks close behind her, concealing the laser.

DECKARD

Next corner left.

Like a flash, the heel of her foot comes up and nails him in the crotch. Deckard doubles over. She dashes for the corner. Teeth clenched, he lifts his head and takes aim.

DECKARD

Halt!

She doesn't. The beam burns a hole through her back and comes out her stomach. She screams but doesn't stop. The next one catches her at the base of the skull. She hits the pavement, tumbles and slides for fifteen feet before she stops. She lies in a heap, broken, blood pumping out of her neck.

Crouched, Deckard comes forward and puts another into her head. No more Zhora. A small crowd is forming but keeping their distance. Deckard limps up to her and studies her body. Shaken, he backs away... right into a flint-faced, uniformed COP. His gun is in Deckard's back.

COP

Drop it!

Deckard drops his laser.

COP

On your belly! Arms out!

Painfully, Deckard lies down on the pavement. With his free hand, the Cop frisks him for weapons. He finds Deckard's ankle laser, removes it and sticks it in his belt. Deckard's voice is husky, barely audible.

DECKARD

I can explain this.

COP

Hands behind your back!

Deckard complies.

DECKARD

(whispering)

Android.

COP

Shut up!

The handcuffs click shut. He gets Deckard to his feet and leads him away.

Except for a few who linger around, gawking at the body, the small crowd that gathered for the event begins to disperse.

A dry electric wind suddenly whips up and scatters papers down the street.

The underpass. Between the bars of the railing, level with the street, is the head of a man. A predator's face. It's Roy Batty. Then, smooth as the fin of a submerging shark, he lowers from view.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

Inspector Bryant's got Deckard in his office. Neither of them looks too happy about it. Deckard has had a rough night. It shows.

BRYANT

Just because it's a Nexus-6 doesn't change procedure. A little-known fact can become a well-known fact and part of our job is to make sure that doesn't happen. Now how can we do that, if you blow one away in front of an audience?

DECKARD

She was gonna get away.

BRYANT

Then let her get away! You're supposed to be a tracker.

Deckard's voice is barely audible.

DECKARD

I didn't like her.

Bryant hits the roof.

BRYANT

You start liking or disliking andies, it's time to hang it up!

He gets up, unlocks his safe and brings out a bottle of whiskey, pours a double, puts the bottle back and hands the glass to Deckard as he talks.

BRYANT

Here's something else you're not gonna like. In the interest of de-escalation, the Russians have sent an agent in to observe the Nexus operation. His name is Polokov. You're supposed to meet him at the Regency four thirty this afternoon.

Deckard gets to his feet. It's plain he doesn't like it.

BRYANT

Deckard, this is a gesture of international cooperation, not a personal competition. Try and restrain yourself a little.

They almost smile. Deckard downs his drink and turns to leave.

DECKARD .

Thanks.

BRYANT

Deckard.

He looks back.

BRYANT

Get some rest.

THE BALL - DAY

It hurtles through the air, slams into a backboard and comes down in Deckard's hands. He dribbles around the key, fakes to his left, to his right and comes up with a beautiful right-handed hook shot that swishes through the basket.

Deckard's sweating hard, playing by himself, in the plastic enclosed recreational area atop his apartment building. He grabs the ball and hustles back to the free-throw line. Bouncing the ball he studies the basket and with a one-handed push shot, sends it through the air. The shot is good.

Deckard scoops up the ball and bounces it to a non-existent teammate, races to retrieve it, then dribbles across the line, breaks for the other basket -- sweat flies as he executes a perfect one-handed jump shot.

With his head back and his chest heaving, he walks after the ball applauding himself. His applause is joined by another pair of hands. Surprised, he turns. Rachael Tyrell is standing on the sidelines, clapping.

RACHAEL

You play a fierce game of... What do you call it?

DECKARD

Basketball.

RACHAEL

Basketball. You're good. You play beautifully.

She's looking fine. Still proud but less reserved. Her smile is immaculate. Deckard's clocking her, catching his breath.

RACHAEL
I mean it.

DECKARD
Thanks.

He bends down and picks up the ball. They stand there watching each other a moment.

RACHAEL
We think we know what the problem is with our fugitive sixes.

DECKARD
Yeah?

RACHAEL
In making them competitive for the Gladiator Games we may have endowed them with a little too much 'survival instinct.' In other words, these Nexus-sixes probably have an overdeveloped 'will to live.'

Something in Deckard twinkles. He likes the ironies.

DECKARD
Ah huh.

RACHAEL
In order to make the modifications we'd like to study one.

DECKARD
You can have 'em all after I'm finished.

RACHAEL
Alive?

Deckard shakes his head. That's a different story.

DECKARD
Why don't they use you?

RACHAEL
I'm not a Nexus-6. I'm a prototype.
I don't seem to have the problem.

He stares at her... finally shrugs.

DECKARD
I can't promise anything.

RACHAEL
I know it complicates your job.
That's why I'm here. To help.

DECKARD
Already I've got more help than
I want.

RACHAEL
Two of us would be more effective
than one, don't you think?

DECKARD
I work alone.

RACHAEL
No you don't.

She lets it sink in.

RACHAEL
You use your 'equipment,' don't
you?

He stares at her. She smiles calmly.

RACHAEL
Your weapons? Electronic brains?
Chemical analysis? Don't you?

DECKARD
So?

RACHAEL
So I'm just a piece of equipment.
Use me.

It's a strong look that passes between them. Finally
she smiles at him standing there flat-footed holding his
ball.

RACHAEL
I'm staying at the Regency if you
change your mind.

She turns and walks to the door. Deckard looks like he
wishes she didn't.

THE ROOF - DAY

Rachael's hovercraft rises level for fifty feet, then
tilts and accelerates in an upward arc.

Deckard slouches by the gymnasium door watching it disappear into the glaring sky. He throws the basketball over his shoulder and walks across the roof to a round, windowless building. He sticks his fingertips into the print slot, the lock activates, he walks in and the doors swing shut behind him.

The contrast is abrupt and delicious. In here the air is sweet and clean, with the reassuring warmth of a manger. He walks around a small paddock of rich brown sod, encircled by stalls, most of them vacant, several decorated with ornate insignias and canopies. Some owners are about tending their pets.

Deckard's sheep lies in the hay, legs curled under, facing the wall. Slowly her head swings around as he enters the stall. Her wool is curly and thick, a noble story-book face with a muzzle as black as velvet.

Deckard brings the oats out of the hamper, pours them into a pail and puts it on the floor. The sheep looks at the food for a long moment, scrambles to its feet and abruptly freezes. Deckard waits for her to come. He makes a kissing sound with his lips but he might as well be calling a statue.

DECKARD

Aw, shit.

He walks over, grabs it by the legs and sets it roughly on its back. His fingers search through the belly fur, locate a panel and open it. The sheep is stiff as a board. Deckard is cross and impatient and whatever he's doing with the controls isn't helping. Exasperated, he looks up and notices the old horse in the next stall taking an interest.

DECKARD

What are you looking at, coffin head?

He slaps the panel shut, puts the thing back on its feet, contemplates it for a moment and kicks it as hard as he can.

THE REGENCY - LATE AFTERNOON

The lobby is hushed and luxurious with marble floors and drapes descending the forty-foot walls, gilded mirrors and potted palms.

Below an enormous 15th century tapestry depicting hunters in pursuit of deer, an old dowager sits deep in a leather chair struggling over a giant jigsaw puzzle. Except for the old gent asleep in the next chair, that's it for life in the lobby.

Deckard comes through the revolving door and crosses to the desk. The CLERK responds in his most condescending voice. It's not often he gets the chance.

CLERK
I believe you will find Mr. Polokov
in the bar, sir.

Deckard turns and crosses the lobby.

The bar is swank and discreetly lit. Only one customer. He's a bear of a man hunched over a beer and a platter of hors d'oeuvres. He looks up as Deckard approaches.

DECKARD
Polokov?

POLOKOV ..
You are Deckard?

DECKARD
Yeah.

The big man's got a smile that could melt your heart. He wipes a pudgy hand off on his sleeve and extends it. His head is shaved, he speaks in a thick Russian accent, but he's Leon, the Nexus-6 that lasered Holden. Deckard shakes his hand and pulls up a stool. Polokov/Leon slides him the hors d'oeuvres.

DECKARD
No, thanks.

POLOKOV
Beer?

DECKARD
Yeah.

A dried-up old fossil of a BARMAN comes out of the shadows to serve them.

BARMAN
Sir?

DECKARD
I'll have a Great Dane, please.

POLOKOV
And I, too.

The old man draws the beers.

POLOKOV
I hope you don't mind that we meet
like this, without formality --
but is nicer, no?

DECKARD

Sure, why not?

The Barman sets up the beers and leaves, Polokov leans closer and drops his husky voice to a whisper.

POLOKOV

Please, don't think I will be trouble for you. I am here only to observe. But if you need me, I will be ready to help.

Polokov's lumberjack sincerity is hard to resist.

DECKARD

That's good to hear, Polokov.

POLOKOV

You call me Sandor, please.

Embarrassed, Deckard nods and starts drinking his beer.

POLOKOV

Now, I would like very much to hear what characteristics you could tell me of this Nexus-6.

More at home with technology, Deckard takes a drink and clears his throat.

DECKARD

Diversity of function, I think, was an aim that makes the Nexus-6 an unreliable item. For instance, the cortical core is built up from N.N. 9 fluidic chips with a projective complexity that may exceed our own.

POLOKOV

But that is not unusual. The Soviet koballium chip module is equally prolific. We have one now in Russia that can read mind.

DECKARD

But the motor control of the Nexus-6, its logic and memory function are all beyond anything the koballium chip ever produced. Plus, its personality is based on traditional character types, which makes it very popular and very hard to detect if they go off the beam.

POLOKOV
Are you saying U.S. andy is
superior to, say, the Soviet
T-3?

DECKARD
It's possible.

POLOKOV
Then why does so many defect?

DECKARD
How'd you like to be gambled on
for the pleasure of a bunch of
fat, bored colonists?

Polokov doesn't answer immediately.

POLOKOV
So, you think that is the problem?

DECKARD
Whatever it is, let's hope they
don't solve it.

POLOKOV
Please?

DECKARD
Because when they do, you and
me'll be out of a job, Sandor.

Polokov takes a moment to digest that, then erupts into
laughter. Eyes alive with affection, he looks at
Deckard and claps his big paws together.

POLOKOV
I like you, Deckard. I am
privileged to participate with
you in this.

Returning the compliment, Deckard salutes him with his
empty glass.

POLOKOV
Barman, vodka!

The old man comes out of the shadows with a bottle of
vodka and two shot glasses.

POLOKOV
No! Big glasses!

The barman sets up two highball glasses. Polokov grabs
the bottle out of his hand, pours both completely full
and hands one to Deckard.

POLOKOV
Prost!

DECKARD
Prost.

POLOKOV
To America and all her children!

Eye to eye, Deckard follows him down to the bottom.
Polokov finishes first, slaps down his glass and pours again.

POLOKOV
In cold country like mine, this is
the way strangers get warm fast.

He fills Deckard's glass.

POLOKOV
Now we drink to Russia. And all
her children. Dead or alive.

Eyes locked, they drink. This time, Deckard finishes first. Polokov is delighted.

POLOKOV
You must be Russian.

Deckard coughs. His smile is on a little crooked.
Polokov slaps him on the back.

POLOKOV
I like you.

DECKARD
Me too. I mean, I like you too.

They sit there, glowing, the bottle half-empty between them.

DECKARD
You got an animal, Sandor?

POLOKOV
I am from Communist country.
Everybody has animal.

DECKARD
What kind you got?

POLOKOV
Polar bear!

DECKARD
No!

POLOKOV

Ya!

Deckard stares at him, eyes incredulous and red from the vodka.

POLOKOV

Everybody in my building own
polar bear. Collectively. We
all own him together. One bear
-- five hundred people.

That's the funniest thing Deckard ever heard. He's laughing so hard he can't get his breath. Polokov's laughing too. Even the old barman manages a thin smile. They hang over the bar, arms around each other, until they laugh themselves out.

POLOKOV

What animal do you have?

DECKARD

I have a sheep.

Deckard doesn't look very happy about it.

POLOKOV

What's the problem, my friend? Is he sick?

DECKARD

He can get sick. He's got built-in disease circuits. The best animoid you can buy.

POLOKOV

I am sorry.

DECKARD

It's okay. Soon as this job's over, I'm gonna get a real animal.

A pause.

POLOKOV

Buy a cat. Cats are cheap.

DECKARD

I don't want a cat. I want a large animal... I want a...

POLOKOV

Buy a cricket. For twenty-five bucks, you could buy a cricket.

Polokov/Leon is beginning to lose his accent. But Deckard doesn't notice.

DECKARD

Listen, Sandor, if you're so hot for crickets, you go buy one. In fact, why don't you trade in your polar bear... get all the crickets they got left. You could corner the fucking market.

Deckard starts to laugh again, but stops when he feels something jab him in the belly. He looks down. It's Polokov's laser.

DECKARD

Hey, Sandor, I was just joking.

The accent is gone.

POLOKOV/LEON

Pay the bill.

Deckard is very sober, very fast. He stands, reaches into his pocket carefully and puts money on the bar.

In the lobby the Dowager is still trying to put the pieces together. The old gent is awake and blinking. The man at the desk is winding his watch as Polokov follows Deckard through the revolving door.

RUSSIAN HILL - LATE AFTERNOON

The late afternoon sun casts a crimson light on the quiet empty street. Deckard is ushered around a corner and into an alley. They turn again and Leon marches him up a narrow passage between two buildings. It's a dead end.

POLOKOV/LEON

That's far enough. Turn around.

Deckard does. Leon smiles, but his eyes no longer twinkle. They're as empty as shotgun barrels.

LEON

Do you know who I am, Deckard?

DECKARD

What happened to Polokov?

LEON

He's sorry he didn't make it.

Leon puts away his laser and closes in. Deckard backs up until he is against the wall. He crouches to draw, but his laser is gone from his belt holster.

LEON

I took that when we were on more intimate terms.

Leon is right over him now. Trembling like a cat before the kill.

LEON

Life expectancy of a Nexus-6, Deckard!

DECKARD

Four years.

Deckard is pale, the sweat is starting to run.

LEON

That gives me at least two more than you.

Deckard's knee comes up fast, but Leon's fist comes down faster... like a hammer.

LEON

Painful to live in fear, isn't it?

Deckard is doubled over, hugging his thigh.

LEON

But that's what it's like for a slave. The future is sealed off. He grovels, he waits.

Deckard has practiced the move a thousand times. He draws his ankle laser, fast as a man can, but Leon grabs it, crushing it like a cigar.

LEON

Don't you think it's inconvenient, possibly even cruel, to be given the basic animal drives but not be able to satisfy them?

Deckard hurls forward, hitting low and hard. He knocks Leon off balance. Deckard scrambles to get away, but doesn't get far. Leon grabs him by the foot and drags him back, jerks him off the ground and slams him into the wall. Deckard is reduced to a man struggling for air. Leon spits the words out, rapid fire, two inches from Deckard's face.

LEON

Sex... reproduction... security... the simple things. To be homesick with no place to go... to have potential but no way to prove it! Lots of little oversights in Nexus-6.

He lets go. Deckard slides down the wall to his knees.

LEON

Not a very pretty picture. Better, you might say, than nothing at all, but I'm here to tell you that nothing is better than having an itch you can never scratch. It's a war, Deckard. The four of us against all of you.

Deckard's huddled on the ground, protecting his head with his arms. Leon folds his big hands together and raises them over his head. He pauses a moment to savor the satisfaction of smashing Deckard's skull.

A spasm suddenly runs through Leon's face but it's not from satisfaction. It's from the laser beam that went through his neck. He hits the ground hard, his big teeth biting the air like a rabid dog. But he's already dead.

Rachael stands at the entrance to the passageway, putting away her laser. Deckard staggers to his feet. He looks at her, wild-eyed and shaken. She's looking back, calm and bemused.

RACHAEL

I just saved your life. Aren't you going to thank me?

He looks down at Leon. The android has stopped thrashing.

DECKARD

Thanks.

But he doesn't sound very grateful. Steadying himself against the wall, he reaches into his pocket, takes out the ultimate Minnox, points it at Leon and snaps a picture.

DECKARD

For the record, Leon.

THE TOP OF THE REGENCY - LATE AFTERNOON

The sky is glazed red from the setting sun. Deckard slumps behind the controls of his hovercraft and takes a deep breath. He looks up as the passenger hatch opens and Rachael slides in.

DECKARD

Can I drop you somewhere?

She fastens her seat belt.

RACHAEL
I'm going with you.

DECKARD
No you're not.

RACHAEL
I hate to tell you this, but you
need protection.

Deckard lowers his head and shakes it slowly. He looks
up at her. She's got her chin high, not looking back.

DECKARD
Goodbye.

She's still not looking at him. The good pilgrim.

RACHAEL
You've had two chances now and
almost blown both of them.
You're not doing very well.

He can't deny it.

DECKARD
I got drunk.

RACHAEL
I wouldn't spread it around.

DECKARD
How'd you know there were two?

RACHAEL
You weren't very discreet.

He's had it.

DECKARD
Look.

She's looking straight ahead.

DECKARD
Look at me!

She does.

RACHAEL
You look terrible, do you know
that?

DECKARD
I know that. Let me please make
something very clear to you --
I do not want your help.

She faces front.

RACHAEL

There's two reasons a man rejects help -- either because he's so good at what he does, he doesn't need it, or he's so insecure he can't admit it.

Deckard stares at her. Too tired to be smart, too stubborn to give in.

RACHAEL

If you think Mr. What's-his-name was tough, wait till you meet Roy Batty.

There's a silence. Deckard slumps lower in his seat. She glances at him.

RACHAEL

I have a suggestion... are you listening?

DECKARD

I'm listening...

THE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

It's luxurious, muted greens and antique furniture from the forties. The hologram in the simulation window is ablaze with a sunset, quite a bit more brilliant than the one that was outside.

Deckard is sprawled on the bed talking to Inspector Bryant on a two-way pocket radio.

DECKARD

I think we got a dead Russian on our hands. A Nexus-6 showed up in his place.

BRYANT

Where is he?

DECKARD

In the alley behind the Regency waiting for a ride home.

BRYANT

We'll take care of it. The Russian never got past the airport. He turned up in the men's room with a broken neck.

DECKARD

Sounds like a security leak.

Deckard gets up and walks towards the bathroom.

BRYANT

They probably linked up to
Esper with a beam device. We'll
scram her. From here on out go
to code. Miss Tyrell catch up
with you?

Deckard is in the bathroom doorway watching Rachael run
a bath.

DECKARD

Yeah, she caught up with me.

BRYANT

Use her if you can.

DECKARD

Sure.

BRYANT

It'll take about twelve
hours to program a new
unit. In the meantime,
sit tight and stay in touch.

DECKARD

Right.

He switches off.

DECKARD

Taking a bath?

RACHAEL

You are. It's supposed to be good
for the nerves, isn't it?

Deckard stares at her, but doesn't reply.

RACHAEL

You don't trust me, do you?

DECKARD

It's an untrusting business.

RACHAEL

Maybe that's why you're good at
it.

DECKARD
I thought I was bad at it.

RACHAEL
Are you afraid of me?

DECKARD
Not exactly. But it's just a
little disconcerting for the
hunter to be hunted. It can make
you...

RACHAEL
Nervous?

She smiles innocently and gestures towards the bath.
But Deckard doesn't move.

RACHAEL
I'm not here to hurt you.

DECKARD
What are you here for?

RACHAEL
I told you. I have to observe
the affective manifestations of
these...

She breaks off. Deckard waits for the answer..

RACHAEL
This is my own personal experiment.

The tone of her voice hasn't changed, the look is direct
as ever, but something in her eyes betrays a need.

RACHAEL
When I watched you being hurt down
there a curious thing happened.

DECKARD
What?

RACHAEL
I felt something.

DECKARD
So did I.

RACHAEL
I mean, I wanted him to stop.

Her eyes are soft and vulnerable. His remain hard and she
looks away. He stares at her for a moment. Looks at the
steam rising off the water and starts unbuttoning his shirt.

DECKARD
Got a rubber duck?

RACHAEL
Huh?

She looks up. For the first time they connect. They smile and the distance between them diminishes.

THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two shadowy figures in front of the door. The man lifts a hand and turns the knob and slowly, quietly pushes open the door.

It's Sebastian's apartment. He's slumped over his work table, asleep. Pris lies on the couch, intractable and melancholy, leafing through a fashion magazine. She looks up.

Roy Batty and Mary are standing in the doorway. All three of them are very still as Batty's eyes move over everything, tuneless and lazy, and come back to Pris. A nod from him causes her to jump up with a shrill little yelp and run to them.

Surprised and groggy, Sebastian looks up from his nap. Pris is hugging Mary and pecks Roy on the cheek.

PRIS
I thought you guys would never get here.

MARY
Neither did we!

Pris and Mary laugh, relieved and giddy.

BATTY
Aren't you going to introduce us?

PRIS
Oh! This is my savior, J.R.
Sebastian. This is my uncle
Roy and my aunt Mary, Sebastian.

Bashful, excited, Sebastian stands to greet them.

BATTY
Can't thank you enough, Mr. Sebastian.
If you hadn't of come along...

MARY
We were worried to death -- it's
awfully kind of you.

Sebastian's nodding and smiling, shaking hands, trying to catch up.

BATTY

We're not used to the big city --
where we come from it's not so
easy to get lost.

MARY

You certainly have a nice place
here.

BATTY

Well stocked.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks.

PRIS

Sebastian doesn't like to go out
too much.

SEBASTIAN

I keep a lot of provisions right
here.

BATTY

I like a man who stays put. An
admirable thing to be able to
sustain yourself in these times.

MARY

We haven't found it easy, Mr.
Sebastian.

It's all run down and the androids don't seem to mind.
They glance around the room as if waiting for Sebastian
to carry the ball.

SEBASTIAN

Would you care for something to
drink? Or maybe I could make
dinner for everybody?

BATTY

Oh, we don't want to be a bother.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, no bother. I'd be glad to do
it. I was gonna eat anyway.

MARY

Well actually...

BATTY

We're famished.

Sebastian's truly happy.

SEBASTIAN
Okay then. You make yourselves
comfortable and I'll bring the
food right out.

He disappears into the kitchen.

BATTY
Charming.

Pris comes up close. Her tone muted but demanding.

PRIS
Well?

Batty finds her attitude amusing.

PRIS
I want to know what's going on.

BATTY
Two down, three to go.

PRIS
What's that mean?

BATTY
There are only three of us left.

Pris stares at him shocked.

PRIS
Zhora too?

BATTY
Dead.

PRIS
I don't like that.

BATTY
Nothing we could do. Also, we're
no longer monitoring. They
scrambled our computer friend.

Pris' whisper comes out a hiss.

PRIS
Then we're stupid and we'll die.

BATTY
Not if everybody does their job.
And how are things here at home?

A little spotted pig on the table sits up.

PIG

Home again, home again, jiggy jig.

BATTY

Exactly.

Pris looks towards the kitchen.

PRIS

I don't trust him. I don't think
he knows what he's doing.

The bell tone from the microwave goes off in the kitchen.

BATTY

He knows what he's doing.

MARY

What if he won't cooperate?

BATTY

Mr. Sebastian is a host who wants
to be appreciated. We'll appreciate
him and he'll cooperate.

Batty stares at them a moment and as if on cue, Sebastian enters with a platter of food, pleased as he can be. The three androids turn towards their host, their faces warm with gratitude.

THE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The simulation window by the bed features a crisp starry night. Wisps of cloud drift like gauze over the face of the new moon. Rachael is under the covers, eyes closed, lips parted, hair sprawled like sea grass over the pillow. Deckard lies next to her, a man studying a treasure, he runs a finger along the ridge of her nose.

RACHAEL

I don't think I ever did this
before.

Her eyes look up at him, dark, virgin, a little nervous.

RACHAEL

At least they haven't given me
a memory of it happening.

He kisses her lightly on the cheek. The forehead. Gazes at her lips.

DECKARD

Is it happening now?

She smiles. Moves away just a little.

RACHAEL
Do you dream?

DECKARD
Dream?

RACHAEL
Uh huh.

DECKARD
Yeah. Sometimes. Why?

RACHAEL
I wish I could.

He runs a hand over her shoulder.

DECKARD
Wishing is a kind of dreaming.

His hand comes to her breast.

RACHAEL
I mean asleep.

Her skin feels good. He moves closer.

RACHAEL
Nobody is freer than when he
dreams. I read that.

Deckard waits until he's sure she's quite finished and
then moves to kiss her mouth.

RACHAEL
Do you read?

Deckard moves back.

DECKARD
Yes, I read.

RACHAEL
What do you read?

DECKARD
Westerns!

He has to laugh.

RACHAEL
I'm sorry.

DECKARD
It's okay.

He drops his head, smiling. She reaches out, touches his hair. He doesn't move. She touches his face. His skin feels good too. His face moves into her neck. His arms slide under her body and hold her close. Rachael is smiling, her eyes squeezed shut.

RACHAEL
You like me, huh.

DECKARD
Yes, I like you.

They hug and melt into one another's bodies. Suddenly she pulls her head back to see him more clearly, her dark eyes direct and courageous.

RACHAEL
Would you like me more if I were real?

DECKARD
This is real.

The rest of their words are breathless and obscured in kisses.

RACHAEL
Have you ever done this before?

DECKARD
Made love with a...

RACHAEL
Yes.

DECKARD
No.

RACHAEL
Teach me.

THE DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Batty, Pris and Mary sit like a still-life, staring at their host. Sebastian is staring back, his fork halfway to his mouth, looking from face to face. Although nothing is being said, he's totally comfortable, as much at home with them as he is with his animoids.

BATTY
Why are you staring at us?

SEBASTIAN
You're just all so... so different.

Batty nods his head, smiling, sending home the fact and Sebastian's certainly getting it.

BATTY
What, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN
You're androids.

A long pause.

PRIS
What makes you think so?

SEBASTIAN
You're all so perfect.

Sebastian's grinning from ear to ear.

SEBASTIAN
What generation are you?

BATTY
Nexus-6.

Sebastian whistles. Mary's head is shaking slightly. Pris gets up and moves to the couch. Batty couldn't be more pleased.

BATTY
We can trust Sebastian, ladies.
He's been working with mechanisms
all his life. He's a wizard and
a very perceptive man.

Sebastian looks like a kid on Christmas Eve.

SEBASTIAN
Could you...

His voice is trembling.

SEBASTIAN
Show me something?

BATTY
Like what?

SEBASTIAN
Like...

Like a million things, but he's too excited to think of one.

BATTY
We're not computers, Sebastian.
We're physical.

Pris perks up proudly.

PRIS

I think, therefore I am.

BATTY

Very good, Pris. Now show him why.

It's a command Pris is pleased to obey. She sits quietly a moment, hands folded in her lap, prim and proper. Mary doesn't like these displays, but Batty is beaming.

Those hands in Pris' lap suddenly move, almost faster than the eye can see, and slam down on either side of her, digging into the material with such ferocity that Sebastian jumps. She plunges into the guts of the couch up to her elbows and comes up holding springs and stuffing. Except for the clenched teeth, she's smiling like an angel.

Sebastian is riveted, his eyes wide and astounded, like he'd just seen the devil. He laughs nervously, glad that the devil is a friend.

THE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Rachael and Deckard sit on the floor drinking wine from long-stemmed glasses, a lighted candle between them. She has a sheet wrapped around her. He's dressed and ready to go.

DECKARD

I've got to go.

He puts down his glass and starts to rise.

RACHAEL

I'll tell your fortune.

Who can pass up their fortune? He sits back down. She closes her eyes and folds her hands in front of her.

The flame flickers between them. He waits. She opens one eye.

RACHAEL

First I'll tell your past.

She closes it.

RACHAEL

You're competitive. Headstrong.
Secretive, gentle, untrusting.
Never married. You have a yen
for high risk operations and you
were born in Missouri.

DECKARD
You don't read fortunes -- you
read dossiers.

Deckard's pleased, somehow flattered that she has. Their
eyes are locked.

DECKARD
And my fortune?

RACHAEL
Your fortune is who you are.

It was said simply. So simply that it ripples with
meaning. Deckard is quiet.

RACHAEL
And my fortune is who I'm not.
Because I'm nobody.

That was also said simply, without a trace of self-pity.
Deckard lowers his head.

RACHAEL
It's not bad being nobody --
that way I can be anyone I want.

Her head comes close. The question is whispered, right
into his ear.

RACHAEL
Why do they call it 'retire'?

It takes him a few moments to respond.

DECKARD
Because they do.

RACHAEL
Why don't they call it murder?

DECKARD
Because it's not.

RACHAEL
Don't you think anything that can
suffer deserves to be considered?

DECKARD
Andies only simulate suffering --
if they're programmed for it.

RACHAEL
You mean if I put my hand in this
flame, I'd only simulate suffering?

DECKARD
I thought you were talking about
another kind of suffering.

She's a lot more comfortable with this subject than he is.

DECKARD
If you murder someone you suffer
the consequences, doesn't make any
difference whether you are a man
or not.

RACHAEL
But a man gets a trial.

DECKARD
And an android gets 'retired'.

RACHAEL
Do you think I simulated what
happened between us?

DECKARD
I don't know, did you?

RACHAEL
No.

DECKARD
I've gotta go.

RACHAEL
Did you?

He doesn't like the question. But it's fair.. He sits
there staring at the floor.

RACHAEL
You know what I think?

DECKARD
What?

RACHAEL
That some of the folks around here
are more programmed than me.

He has to laugh.

RACHAEL
You know what else I think?

DECKARD
What?

RACHAEL
That I was made for you.

Her eyes are so big, so marvelous he could fall into them. He's trying not to.

RACHAEL
You're such an old stoic, Deckard.

She puts her arms around him and holds him. He holds her back. It feels good. All the way around.

RACHAEL
I'll be anything you want. Just tell me.

They're on the floor now. He's not going anywhere.

THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sebastian leans forward for Batty to light his cigar. He's not a smoker and it looks a little awkward. Batty sits back and blows smoke.

BATTY
We have a lot in common, Sebastian.

Sebastian coughs.

SEBASTIAN
You mean that you can't come here and I can't go there?

BATTY
Not only that, but we have similar problems. Accelerated decrepitude. Like the fabled salmon, we came home to die. But we don't want to die quite yet.

SEBASTIAN
Of course not.

BATTY
You could help us.

SEBASTIAN
I don't know much about biomechanics, Roy. I wish I did, but you're out of my league.

BATTY
If we don't find help soon, that little girl there hasn't got long to live.

They look over at Pris. She's curled up on the couch, hands tucked between her thighs like a child. The light in her big eyes dim and far away.

BATTY
What about your friend, Dr. Tyrell?

SEBASTIAN
He's not really my friend. I just
do a job for him now and then.

BATTY
Tyrell could help us, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
He could?

BATTY
His company made us.

SEBASTIAN
I'd be happy to mention it to him.

BATTY
Be better if I could talk to him
in person. But he lives in the
Preserve and you can't just go
wiggling through that electro-
barrier into the Preserve, can
you?

SEBASTIAN
No.

BATTY
When do you deliver your project?

SEBASTIAN
Tomorrow.

Batty leans forward and looks right into Sebastian's eyes.

BATTY
Will you help us?

There's no way Sebastian could say no, even if he wanted
to. His struggle is short.

SEBASTIAN
Yes.

Pris sits up smiling. Mary sighs a breath of relief, and
Batty leans back nodding in gratitude.

BATTY
I'm sure glad you found us,
Sebastian. What do you think,
Mary?

MARY
I don't think there's another human
being in this whole world who would
have taken us in and helped us.

BATTY
Pris?

PRIS
I think I love you, Sebastian.

That has a lot of impact. Sebastian looks around, trying
to keep the tears from coming.

BATTY
You're our best and only friend.

SEBASTIAN
Thank you.

THE SIMULATION WINDOW - NIGHT

The moon in the star-spattered hologram has travelled.
Deckard and Rachael are sprawled on the bed. His eyes
are closed. Hers are open. She can't stop smiling.

RACHAEL
I know it's impossible, but I
want to always feel like this.

She rolls over and faces him with energy to burn. He's
so comfortable he can't move.

RACHAEL
What do you want?

DECKARD
When?

RACHAEL
Any time.

He reaches for her.

RACHAEL
Besides me.

She scrums up next to him and pokes him in the ribs.

RACHAEL
Come on!
She's tickling him.

RACHAEL
You must want something!

He can't stop laughing.

RACHAEL
You wanted that owl, didn't you?

DECKARD
No use wanting something that isn't real.

RACHAEL
You're so dull.

DECKARD
All right. I'll tell you something I want. A goat.

RACHAEL
A goat?!

DECKARD
What's wrong with goats?

RACHAEL
Nothing. Are they practical?

DECKARD
Practical as hell. Also they're a good investment. Things that would kill a cow or a horse or especially a cat, say, won't touch a goat.

She's kissing his face. He's rolling around with her in his arms.

RACHAEL
I'd like to see you and your goat together.

DECKARD
Besides, some animals lose their spirit when they're locked up, but goats are stubborn, they stay frisky, they've got character.

She's straddling his chest, staring down at his face, enchanted, she's never heard him say so much.

RACHAEL
Deckard?

Yeah?

DECKARD

RACHAEL
You were somebody's little boy.

THE HOVERCRAFT - NIGHT

Flying through the night. Inside Deckard and Rachael's faces are lit by the glow of the instrument panel.

DECKARD
Are you ready?

RACHAEL
I'm ready.

DECKARD
Okay. Your job is easy. All you gotta do is sing: 'Monkey-Monkey-Monkey-Monkey.' Got it? I take the hard part. I'm the guy with the responsibility. Try it.

RACHAEL
(singing)
'Monk...'

DECKARD
That's enough. You ready?

RACHAEL
I'm ready.

DECKARD
Go!

RACHAEL
'Monkey-Monkey-Monkey-Monkey
Monkey-Monkey-Monkey...'

She continues to sing as he bellows out in a deep baritone.

DECKARD
'I went to the animal fair
The birds and the beasts were there
The old baboon by the light of the moon
Was combing his auburn hair
The monkey he got drunk...'

The hovercraft skims over the lights of the city, dipping and climbing. Deckard's flying a little crazy tonight. They've got the sky to themselves and he's making use of it.

THE EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

It's plastic and six inches high. It sits on a desk. The structure of Deckard's apartment is contemporary and stark. But there's an old-fashioned warmth and order to the personal effects that say here lives a man in a world of his own, family photos, souvenirs and keepsakes.

Rachael moves through them like a connoisseur of old memories, touching and looking, fascinated with the proof of Deckard's past. He's sitting on the sofa watching her, a little shy, a little proud.

Rachael reads the inscription on a high school basketball trophy, sets it down and picks up a framed photo of a man and a boy.

The man is cradling a shotgun. The boy is holding up a quail.

RACHAEL
This is you?

DECKARD
Me and my dad.

RACHAEL
Where is he?

DECKARD
Dead.

She puts down the picture and faces him.

RACHAEL
Did you cry when he died?

DECKARD
Yeah.

A pause.

RACHAEL
That's another thing I can't do.

DECKARD
You're lucky.

RACHAEL
No.

DECKARD
No?

RACHAEL
No.

Sometimes she has the vulnerable, wide-eyed confidence of a mermaid. Deckard is charmed, spellbound by the look of her.

Suddenly she snaps out of it.

RACHAEL
Oh. I almost forgot.

She reaches into her purse.

RACHAEL
I was supposed to give you this.

She hands him a sphere resembling an oyster with a stem projecting from it and sits down next to him.

DECKARD
What is it?

RACHAEL
It's a nerve repressor. You squeeze the stem and it renders anything in the Nexus series cataleptic. But for humans it only arrests the lungs.

He holds it gazing at it.

DECKARD
Why didn't I have this before?

RACHAEL
There never was one before. It's called a Z-wave. Go ahead, test it. But make sure you take a breath first.

Deckard hesitates, staring at her.

RACHAEL
I'm game if you are.

He presses it. Rachael is suddenly frozen, galvanized. She looks like a mannequin covered with human skin. Her eyes are open but there is no life in them. Not dead, yet not alive.

If Deckard has forgotten the fact of her circumstances, her zombie-like appearance brings it shockingly home. Not a pleasant realization. He backs away from her and presses the stem.

Rachael returns and Deckard breathes. His withdrawal is not something she can miss. The Z-wave has put distance between them. More than he can cover.

The silence lays heavy and when she breaks it her voice is quiet and steady.

RACHAEL
I've lost you. Haven't I?

He doesn't answer. Rachael gets up and goes to the door.

DECKARD
I'll take you home.

RACHAEL
No you won't.

She leaves.

Deckard closes his eyes and leans his head back against the couch.

THE HOSPITAL - DAY

Deckard and a NURSE are walking down the hall. The atmosphere is quiet, very little activity, more like a sanitarium.

NURSE
Don't expect Mr. Holden to be his normal self. We have him connected to a mood-simulator, so he's extremely euphoric. Please don't stay too long. He's very weak.

They arrive at a door. She opens it for Deckard.

DECKARD
Thanks.

He walks in. Holden is laid out in an apparatus that resembles an iron lung. A little above his head, facing him, is a bank of biofeedback lights registering body functions.

Deckard takes a chair and sits down next to his friend.

Holden has lost weight, his face is grey, he can't move his head, but he's smiling like the cat who ate the canary.

DECKARD
How you doing, old man?

Holden's voice is just a whisper -- the kind of whisper that comes out of the joker at the back of the class.

HOLDEN
I'm great. I mean, I know I'm not
really great, but I feel just great.
How you like my new suit?

DECKARD
Well, you don't have to worry about
getting it wrinkled.

Holden's eyes close, his smile gets bigger and little
spasms of laughter pump out of his mouth.

HOLDEN
Don't make me laugh. It makes me
pee.

DECKARD
Sorry.

HOLDEN
Hey, it's okay. I like to pee.
So how you doing?

DECKARD
I'm doing okay.

HOLDEN
From what I hear you're doing great.
Bryant tells me you're going like a
goddamn one man army. Making a lot
of money, huh?

DECKARD
Yeah.
(pause)
But that's what I wanted to talk
to you about.

HOLDEN
Money?

DECKARD
No. I got a problem.

HOLDEN
Let's hear it.

DECKARD
I think I'm staring to empathize
with these Nexus-sixes.

Holden giggles. Starts to laugh again. A blue light
on the panel begins to turn very bright. They both
notice it.

DECKARD
What's that?

HOLDEN
I'm taking a piss.

They wait for the light to abate.

HOLDEN
Let me ask you something, Deck.
You been having intimate relations
with one of these units?

Deckard looks surprised. Holden smiles like a cherub.

HOLDEN
That's what I thought... one of
the liabilities of the trade --
you had sex with your prey, old
buddy. That's bound to create
problems, unless you're a black
widow.

Deckard has to wait for him to stop giggling.

DECKARD
What about -- not sex -- but love?

Holden bites his bottom lip to keep the laughter out of
his voice, but he can't.

HOLDEN
Love is just another name for sex.
Love is sexy and sex is lovely --
I don't care what you call it, an
android can't have it.

DECKARD
These aren't just...

HOLDEN
I know what they are, Deck -- look,
maybe they can pretend to feel, but
far as the raw, hot emotions of the
old heart -- no way.

Holden stops talking for a moment to get some air.

HOLDEN
Believe me, take it from an old pro,
no matter how good we get, we're
never gonna make an artificial
anything that can feel. It's a
contradiction. Right?

Deckard nods his head.

HOLDEN
Just go out there and do your job,
man. If you don't, who will? We're
counting on you.

Holden's whispers have gotten harder to hear.

HOLDEN
I gotta save it, Deck. I'm getting
sleepy. It's been good talking to
you.

Deckard stands.

DECKARD
Thanks.

As Deckard starts to leave the room:

HOLDEN
You'd do better to fall in love
with your washing machine, Deck,
they last longer.

Deckard turns, but Holden is already asleep.

THE PRESERVE - DUSK

Sebastian's truck pulls up to the gate. Inside the security center the guard touches a sensor on his console to cut the electro-field and waves him through. Sebastian waves back and drives in.

A prestigious park of forest and mansions. The little ambulance rolls by the bastions of the rich and turns into the estate at the end of the road. Past vintage Lincolns and Caddies. Sebastian steers along the side of the house to the rear and stops, turns off the engine and leans back over his seat.

SEBASTIAN
We're here.

BATTY
Good going, Champ.

From the seat beside him, Sebastian takes an "egg" the size of a basketball and gets out. Batty hops out the rear but doesn't follow.

SEBASTIAN
Aren't you coming?

BATTY

Not too many surprises at once --
you go on in, I'll wait till the
festivities are over. I don't
want to get in the way.

SEBASTIAN

Okay.

Sebastian walks up to the door and rings the bell.

The cook, in a cap and apron, answers it.

SEBASTIAN

I'm here to deliver this to Dr.
Tyrell.

She leaves and a moment later STYLES, Tyrell's bodyguard,
comes to the door to check it out. He could play the
giant in Jack and The Beanstalk.

STYLES

Hold on, I'll get him.

Sebastian looks around for Batty, but he's nowhere to be
seen. Styles returns with Tyrell.

TYRELL

Ah, good, just in time.

Sebastian hands him the "egg."

TYRELL

Styles, take Mr. Sebastian to my
den.

He starts to rush away with the "egg."

SEBASTIAN

Oh! Here...

Sebastian hands Tyrell a little box.

SEBASTIAN

Can't fly without the pilot.

Tyrell stuffs it in his pocket.

TYRELL

Bless you, Sebastian.

Styles leads Sebastian away. Excited, Tyrell goes
through the kitchen and into the dining room.

The dining room is a medieval sized hall -- a luxurious combination of antique decor, but the piece de resistance is an 18th century English painting of an Arab stallion, gleaming like coal over the crackling fireplace.

At a long table, faces lit by genial candlelight, sit nine guests -- captains of industry and their wives. Tyrell comes in, beaming with his oversized egg and sets it at the head of the table in front of his wife.

TYRELL

Happy anniversary, Wanda June.

Her face is radiant as Tyrell takes off the top of the egg -- exposing the gift.

WANDA

What is it?

TYRELL

A baby griffon!

Exclamations from the guests as Tyrell's hand goes to his pocket and the griffon steps out of the shell.

Basically an avian invention, wings and plumage with the head of an eagle, the body of a lion and weighing no more than eight pounds. It cranes its neck and testing its balance, stands on one leg, then hops to the edge of the table and off the edge. All eyes watch as it beats its wings rapidly and rises towards the ceiling. Turning in a forty-five degree, it suddenly drops into a dive.

Delighted, the guests shriek as the griffon swoops over their crouching heads and sails the length of the hall -- its silhouette flickering briefly over the ancestral portraits of the Tyrell clan.

Reaching the end of the room, it banks sharply and flies back towards the table. The griffon cups its wings, spreads its tail and comes in for a landing. An ovation as it waddles over the table top, knocks over a glass of wine and stops in front of Wanda June.

GREENFIELD, a bloated, red-faced man of sixty with a white, clipped moustache, stands and holds up his glass.

GREENFIELD

Congratulations, Tyrell! An incredible toy! Did your people make it?

TYRELL

No. We can make a man, but not a griffon.

He bends down for a hug from his wife.

78.

TYRELL
Have to give the cottage industry
a chance, too.

Laughing and pleased, he excuses himself and heads for
the den.

THE DEN

Tyrell comes in and sits behind his desk. Sebastian hands
down the invoices. Tyrell glances over them and writes
out a check.

He looks up to hand it over when he sees Batty against
the wall, by the door. For a fraction of a second he's
shocked, but recovers fast.

TYRELL
A friend of yours, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN
Yes, this is someone who wants to
talk to you, Mr. Tyrell.

Batty smiles.

BATTY
The name is Batty. Roy Batty.

TYRELL
Oh?

Very slowly Tyrell's hand moves towards the back side of
the desk.

BATTY
To act without understanding could
lead to the very thing the act seeks
to avoid.

What's in Batty's eyes completes the warning. Tyrell
decides to heed it.

BATTY
A little talk is all I need.

Tyrell looks at Sebastian. Considers consequences. Back
to Batty.

TYRELL
Would you like to talk in private
then?

Batty thinks it over.

BATTY
Yeah. It might be better if we
talk in private, Sebastian.

TYRELL
Here's your check, my boy. Thank
you.

SEBASTIAN
Thank you, Dr. Tyrell. I'll wait
in the truck.

He slips out, closing the door behind him. Opens it again
and sticks his head in.

SEBASTIAN
Was everything okay?

TYRELL
Just beautiful.

He's gone.

If Tyrell is scared he's doing a good job of concealing
it.

TYRELL
I'm surprised you didn't come to
me sooner.

BATTY
It's not an easy thing to meet
your maker.

TYRELL
And what can he do for you?

BATTY
Can the maker repair what he makes?

TYRELL
Would you like to be modified?

BATTY
Had in mind something a little
more radical.

TYRELL
What's the problem?

BATTY
Death.

TYRELL

I'm afraid that's a little out of my...

Batty cuts in with a whisper.

BATTY

I want more life, fucker.

TYRELL

Come here.

Batty walks forward.

TYRELL

Sit down.

Batty does.

TYRELL

The facts of life. I'll be blunt.
To make an alteration in the
evolvment of an organic life
system, at least by men, makers
or not, is fatal. A coding sequence
can't be revised once it's
established.

BATTY

Why?

TYRELL

Because by the second day of
incubation any cells that have
undergone reversion mutation give
rise to revertant colonies --
like rats leaving a sinking ship.
The ship sinks.

BATTY

What about E.M.S. recombination?

TYRELL

We've already tried it -- ethyl
methane sulfonate is an alkylating
agent and a potent mutagen -- it
created a cancer so lethal the
subject was destroyed before we
left the table.

Batty nods grimly.

BATTY

Then a repressor protein that
blocks the operating cells.

TYRELL
 Wouldn't obstruct replication, but it does give rise to an error in replication, so that the newly formed DNA strand carries a mutation and you've got cancer again... but all this is academic -- you are made as good as we could make you.

BATTY
 But not to last.

TYRELL
 Put it this way. Rolls Royces are made to last -- at least they were. But I'm afraid you're a Ferrari. A high strung racing car -- built to win, not to last.

Batty smiles bitterly.

TYRELL
 Also you're too valuable to experiment with.

BATTY
 I am?

Tyrell can't help a flash of pride.

TYRELL
 The best of all possible androids. We're proud of our prodigal son -- glad you've returned. You're quite a prize.

Shoulders hunched, Batty looks down, an uncharacteristic note of guilt in his voice.

BATTY
 I've done some questionable things.

TYRELL
 Also extraordinary things.

BATTY
 Nothing the God of biomechanics wouldn't let you in Heaven for.

They share a laugh. In spite of himself, there's a look of relief on Tyrell's face as Batty extends his hand. Tyrell takes it and they shake. The reverence in Batty's eyes causes Tyrell a fatherly smile.

The smile turns into a growl as he feels the bones in his hands crack. Before the scream comes out of his mouth, Batty stifles it.

Tyrell claws at the iron fingers, but they're sinking into his face. Placing his other hand behind Tyrell's head, Batty squeezes them together and squashes the man's head like a melon. The mess is not small.

Palms up, like a surgeon, Batty walks to the drapes and wipes off the gore and without looking back, strolls out of the room.

Styles is coming down the hall. He sees Batty coming towards him. Styles looks at him curiously, this is not one of the guests. As they close, Batty smiles.

BATTY

Could you tell me where the bathroom is?

Styles doesn't get a chance to answer. Batty's hand has torn into his crotch. The man is lifted off the floor, up the wall and held a moment. Whatever is encased in his pelvis is pulverized. Batty lets go. Styles hits the floor. He died of shock. Grinding his teeth, Batty continues toward the sounds of the festivities.

He comes to the entry of the dining room unnoticed and takes out a laser.

His aim is so impeccable, so fast, that Mr. Greenfield, the last to die, didn't even have time to wonder why all of his companions suddenly had holes in their heads.

A splatter of glass and silver as the WAITER who's just come in with the after dinner drinks drops them on the floor. His mouth is open, staring at Batty.

BATTY

Who else is here?

The mouth isn't working. He's peeing.

BATTY

Answer, or you're dead.

WAITER

The cook.

Batty shoots him through the head.

The cook has taken off her cap, her hair is down, sitting at the kitchen table, eating cake, with her back to the door.

Batty clears his throat. She turns. Sees a man pointing a laser at her. Crumbs blow out her mouth as she tries to scream, but the fear is too thick.

Batty pulls the trigger. The laser is empty. The cook jumps up and runs for the door. Batty's speed is reptilian. Before she's gone four feet, he's crossed the kitchen and broken her neck.

Alive, the cook was an awkward woman, on the big side, but there's a grace to the absolute limpness of her fall. As she hits the floor, Batty turns out the lights.

BATTY

Thanks for a lovely evening.

In the dark, he shuts the door quietly behind him.

THE BASKETBALL TROPHY - NIGHT

It stands in its proper place next to the picture of Deckard and his father.

Deckard's slouched on his sofa. On the table in front of him is the Z-wave and his laser gun, a bottle of whiskey and a glass. The glass has a shot in it, but it hasn't been touched. Deckard stares at it, unseeing.

The vid-phone. Deckard lets it chime twice before he reaches out and flicks a switch on the console. Inspector Bryant appears on the screen.

BRYANT

You alone?

DECKARD

Of course.

BRYANT

Eldon Tyrell was murdered. Definitely a Nexus job. Hell of a way to get a lead, but we have one. The location is coming through right now. Stand by.

Deckard has that drink.

BRYANT

By the way, I got that information you asked for. The expiration date on your Miss Tyrell. Rachael Tyrell is not a six. She's a fucking prototype. One of a kind. She'll probably outlive us all.

Deckard nods dumbly.

BRYANT
Okay, here it is. Ready?

DECKARD
Shoot.

THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Batty's sitting on the sofa with a detection unit in his lap. Pris and Mary watching him work on it. They don't look too happy about it. With a small clipping device like scissors, he shaves the end of a wire and slips it off.

BATTY
Now this building is patched.
Nobody comes in or out that
we don't know where.

MARY
I think we ought to get out of
this city.

PRIS
I think it was stupid to kill
him.

BATTY
What difference does it make?

MARY
You lost your head, Roy.

BATTY
Not me.

MARY
They're going to trace it.

BATTY
I would think so.

MARY
The police will be here.

BATTY
No they won't. Too public. They'll
send their 'technical' man, Mr.
Deckard.

PRIS
Oh my.

MARY
I say we leave now.

BATTY
Right-o. But before we do, let's
collect the debt for Zhora and old
Leon as well. We're entitled.

PRIS
I think he's reverting to type.

MARY
I still think we should leave.

Batty stares up at them, feigning weak innocence, and
smiles. A bleep goes off in the detection unit.

BATTY
Too late.

THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

In the dim nocturnal light Sebastian comes across the
walk with a large bag of groceries, singing to himself.
Suddenly he screeches, drops the bag and pounds his chest,
trying to breathe. But he can't. He falls to his knees,
rolls over, fist clenched, mouth open, gasping for air.
Like a drowning man breaking the surface, at last he
sucks a lungful.

When he opens his eyes a man is helping him to his feet.
It's Deckard. He shows Sebastian his ID.

DECKARD
Your name J.R. Sebastian?

Sebastian nods, suspicious and cowering.

DECKARD
How many people live here with you?

Sebastian shakes his head.

SEBASTIAN
N-n-nobody.

Deckard turns away and walks towards the building.

SEBASTIAN
I'm looking after them! I'm looking
after them. They're women!

Deckard turns back.

DECKARD
How many women?

SEBASTIAN

Two.

DECKARD

What apartment?

THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Batty sits on the sofa. The receiver in his lap.

SEBASTIAN'S VOICE

Don't hurt 'em. Let 'em stay.
I'm taking care of them.

Batty looks up at Mary.

BATTY

Turn out the lights.

Trembling, Mary switches off the lamp.

MARY

Where is he?

BATTY

Ground floor.

MARY

We can still get away then.

BATTY

That wouldn't be very sporting.

PRIS

Is he the one that got Zhora?

BATTY

Sure he is.

He enjoys watching Pris' mind work.

BATTY

She never stood a chance.

PRIS

I want to do it.

BATTY

On one condition.

PRIS

What?

BATTY

That you don't kill him. Just
fuck with him.

she'd rather kill him.

BATTY

Believe me, it'll be more fulfilling.
Let's make this our masterpiece.
Save a little for everybody.

THE LOBBY - NIGHT

Not much to see, but Deckard misses none of it. Especially he notes the mezzanine as he crosses the floor, briefcase in hand, looking as casual as a salesman. By the time he reaches the far wall he could draw a diagram of the place.

Positioning himself in the spot of least exposure, he puts the briefcase on the floor and snaps it open.

Working quickly, he detaches a portable antenna and mounts it on the lid. Inside the case is a monitor surrounded by a touch-light panel. He hits "power," then "scan" and the antenna begins to revolve. Setting the "range" at twenty meters, he touches the "display" light. The screen comes to life.

The fourteen-inch model of the Quan-Tec Suma Bio Scan III promised a screen resolution within fifty microns, with a centimeter plus or minus two. But at the moment the wonderful machine looks like an eighty-dollar Philco on the fritz. He tries turning up the "synchronizer" but it's already on full.

DECKARD

Shit.

He slaps the side of it with his hand. For a second the signals phase. The "contact alarm" pulses light, confirming "life presence" but not long enough to say where. Deckard lifts the unit a few inches off the floor and slams it down.

The monitor clears. On the lower left quadrant the height to surface indicator suddenly flashes "PRESENCE ABOVE AND BEHIND." Instinctively, Deckard grabs the back of his head and rolls out of the way. The laser beam from above cremates the Quan-Tec Suma Bio Scan III.

Deckard fires into the mezzanine, but whatever it was is already gone. If it didn't show before, it does now. The fear. It makes him twice as fast. It takes him only a second to get to the elevator. He hits the button. It doesn't work. He fires the panel to make sure it won't. Suddenly he spins. Sebastian stands gawking in the entrance. Deckard almost shot him.

SEBASTIAN
What are you doing?

Deckard doesn't respond. He's watching the mezzanine to see if somebody else will. Nothing. He turns to Sebastian.

DECKARD
Out of the building, understand?

Open-mouthed and wide-eyed, Sebastian nods, but he doesn't move.

DECKARD
Out!

Sebastian backs out fast. Pissed, Deckard crosses the floor. He doesn't want to die, especially stupid. Running on all burners now, he fires two shots through the wall on the hinge side of the stairwell door, kicks it open and drops to the floor at the same instant. It's clear. He moves in.

The stairway rectangles ten stories up. As his foot touches the first step, a raw, terrified scream shatters the air. It came from below. It's the cry of a young girl -- it grows to a piercing shriek and abruptly stops. Deckard ejects the half-used cartridge from his laser, inserts a fresh one and quiet as the silence, descends the basement stairs.

At the bottom he faces a corridor. The faint hum of machinery comes from the double doors at the far end. The hum becomes a rattle by the time he gets there. Each door is fitted with a small window. Deckard steps to the side and peers through.

It's a gym. The mirror-lined walls are cracked and tarnished, the equipment atrophied from lack of use. The heavier barbells have sunk into the floor. Two weight-reducing machines are flapping and grinding away like idiots. Deckard's eyes stop on the woman.

She dangles a few feet off the floor, hung by the shoulders through rings suspended from the ceiling. Her head is slung forward, her body limp and slightly swaying.

Deckard pushes open one of the doors until it touches the wall. Slowly, he advances toward the hanging figure, keeping an eye on the mirror to cover surprises from the door. He's not breathing hard. His heart isn't pounding. Deckard's in his element.

Close enough to look up into her face, he stops. It isn't grisly death that causes the reaction in his eyes. It's the innocence of her angel face.

It's not something he has time to consider. In the mirror behind her, he sees the door starting to open. Deckard spins. He shouldn't have. Pris' legs snap up, crack the laser out of his hand and clamp around his neck.

Slowly, the door swings closed, but Deckard doesn't notice. His carotid artery is no longer sending blood to the brain. He jerks up his foot and reaches down. As his fingers close around the ankle laser, Pris' fingers close around his wrist. Deckard's hand opens like a flower. The laser drops to the floor as his eyes roll back into his head.

PRIS

Naughty, naughty.

She lets go, but before he can fall, she rams a foot into his back. He's propelled fifteen feet across the room, slams into a machine and falls to the floor. Pris flies off the rings and comes at him.

Deckard reaches out to pull himself up, but she's already there. Not too hard and just in the right place, she kicks him in the stomach. He goes back to the floor, gagging for air. Oh-so-precisely she reaches out with a long index finger and flips the switch on the machine.

It's a flab eliminator with a vibrator belt. Normally an innocuous piece of equipment, but the motor housing on this one is missing. Lots of GRINDING METAL. A bad place for flesh and bone.

But that's where Deckard's hand is going. She has him by the wrist, and he's about as effective as an eight-year-old against a full-grown man. He grapples at the back of his belt for the Z-wave. In two more seconds his hand will be ground round. His fingers find the stem and press. Pris freezes. Deckard tries to pull his hand loose. It won't come. He yanks hard, but it's welded in hers.

The Z-wave's a good defense if you can hold your breath. But Deckard never got one. His face is twisted and strained as he raises a leg, wedges his foot against her chest and pushes with all his might. The hold breaks. They topple back. Deckard hits the floor and the Z-wave at the same time. He bites into the air and gulps a breath. Pris is up and coming for him. He presses again. Frozen, off balance, she hovers over him. Deckard rolls out of the way as she comes down like a statue.

The closest laser is across the room. He won a little air, but not enough to get him there. He presses the stem as he scrambles for it. Pris' foot lashes out and kicks the Z-wave out of his hand.

Reflexively Deckard raises his arms to protect himself. Pris just smiles, takes hold of his foot and drags him across the floor. She doesn't like to leave a piece of work unfinished. They're going back to the machine.

He goes by a weight-stand of dumbbells and grabs hold. It doesn't stop him. He's sliding over the floor like it was ice, weight-stand in tow.

Pris gets to the machine, yanks his foot up and forces it toward the opening. Deckard sits up, a five-pound dumbbell in his hand, and clobbers her in the back. It knocks her off balance, but she doesn't let go of his foot. She hooks out with a fist but misses. He gets her with a roundhouse in the face.

She goes to the floor and Deckard's up, the dumbbell over his head, coming down with it. Fighting for her life now, Pris drives a foot into his chest. It lifts him off the floor. He flies back across the gym and lands in a heap.

No more games. Pris is furious and moving fast. She rips a steel bar out of the wall and, holding it overhead, charges him like a samurai. As she comes down for the kill, she freezes.

Deckard landed on the Z-wave. He's got it in his hand. Lips pulled back, teeth clamped shut, he crawls toward the laser. As in a nightmare, it takes forever, but he gets there.

He reaches out and grabs the laser, rolls over and takes careful aim. He presses the stem. She's released and spins toward him, screaming her rage. He fires as she comes.

The shot amputates her left arm at the shoulder, but her hand doesn't let go of the bar. It dangles crazily in front of her as she charges forward.

He puts the next one through her neck. Pris hiccups a rope of blood as she flies through the air and crashes next to Deckard. Dead.

He lies next to her, chest heaving. Slowly he rolls over and gets to his hands and knees. Panting, he staggers to his feet and stands over her, swaying slightly. The sound that escapes his throat is raspy and dry. It might not sound like a war cry, but it is.

THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Laser in one hand, Z-wave in the other, Deckard kicks open the swinging doors and walks into the corridor, a dangerous man.

Deckard arrives at the main floor landing and pulls open the lobby door. On his way in again, Sebastian is caught in the act. He stops and stands bobbing in the entranceway.

DECKARD

Out!

Deckard fires into the doorway about six inches from Sebastian's head. Sebastian gets the message and with a mad little hop is gone. Deckard turns and rushes the stairs, two at a time. He's going to shoot the next thing that moves, find out later if he was right or wrong.

On the next landing he throws the door open. His eyes move down the hall, looking for prints in the dust. None. He continues up the stairs.

On the ninth floor he finds what he's looking for. Footprints coming and going from a door halfway down the hall. He stops to the side of it and listens. Silence. Deckard fires three quick shots through the door. If somebody were on the other side of it, they aren't now. He takes a breath, presses the stem, kicks the door open and throws in the Z-wave.

Deckard dives through head first and hits the floor in a roll, pouring fire into the far corners of the room but the room is empty. There's a kitchen bar, a closet and a bedroom door, both closed. Deckard's breathing is the only sound. No response from either door. He takes a deep breath and presses the stem, slides the Z-wave at the closet door and crawls towards the bedroom.

Maybe it was a sound, maybe intuition, but suddenly Deckard twists around and fires several shots into the closet. The smouldering door slowly creaks open.

Mary is huddled in the rear of the closet. Her hand out like somebody about to catch a ball but afraid of it. In her other hand she clutches a button eyed monkey. Her face is bewildered, frozen in fear, her body riddled with holes. No recognition gap here. Deckard shoots her through the neck to make sure, then presses the stem. As he takes a breath, Mary falls to the floor, like a puppet with her strings cut.

Deckard backs away from the pathetic figure in the closet and sits on the sofa, unable to take his eyes off her.

Deckard lays the laser down next to him, holds out his hand and looks at it. It's steady. He drops it in his lap, closes his eyes and leans back.

A tapping from the ceiling. Deckard looks up.

A knock -- with the proverbial double rap at the end. A pause. Deckard jumps out of the way as the ceiling gives in. Chunks of concrete and plaster hit the couch where he was sitting. The hole is a couple feet in diameter -- beams cracked through, exposing the apartment above. Silence. Deckard wipes the plaster dust from his eyes and mouth, then whispers:

DECKARD

Hello, Roy.

THE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Deckard comes out onto the landing. Taking his time, he climbs the steps to the next floor, the last floor. He shoots the hinges out of the big stairwell door, pushes it with his foot and it comes down with a bang. The reverberations turn into silence. The corridor is empty.

Moving fast but cautious, he passes each door until he gets to the apartment above Sebastian's. He brings out the Z-wave, takes a breath and presses the stem. Slowly he turns the knob and pushes open the door.

Except for the hole in the middle of the floor, there's nothing to see. Back against the wall, he moves towards the bedroom, but stops at the noise. It sounds like the hooting of an owl and it's coming from the hallway. He presses the stem for breath and goes back towards the entrance.

Deckard looks around the corner of the door down the hall. Batty's at the other end. Except for jock strap and gym shoes, he's nude.

BATTY

You wanna play?

Deckard fires. Batty's fast. He ducks into a doorway. Pops out again.

BATTY

Not very sporting to fire on an unarmed opponent. I thought you were supposed to be good. Aren't you the man?

The makeup on Batty's face is somewhere between a Commanche warrior and a transvestite. The immensity of his insolence awesome -- the muscles of his body are swollen, trembling from the thrill of it.

BATTY

This is how we do it up there, lad! Come on!

In a blur of lightning-like action, Batty whips down the hall, zigzagging off the walls towards Deckard so fast that Deckard gets only three shots off before the blur crashes through the wall on his left with a laugh.

Deckard stands there a moment -- digesting the impact of it, then edges up to the gaping wall. Batty is behind him.

He knees Deckard in the back and slaps him in the head. Deckard goes to his knees, then over on his face. Batty kneels next to him and searches his body.

BATTY

Not hurt, are you?

Batty doesn't bother with the ankle laser but takes the Z-wave out of Deckard's belt. Amused and curious, he studies the mechanism, sniffs it, then with a fling of the wrist, sends it flying.

The Z-wave slides down the hall, skimming over the floor, then jumps into the air and explodes.

Batty puts Deckard's laser back on the floor next to its owner and stands.

BATTY

You better get it up or I'm going to have to kill you. Unless you're alive you can't play. And if you don't play, you don't get to be alive.

Deckard's eyes are closed, mouth bleeding. He exhales and makes the effort. He slides his hands up even with his chest and starts to push.

BATTY

That's the spirit.

Like a matador, Batty walks away. By the time Deckard's on his feet, Batty's disappeared through one of the doors.

Deckard wipes the blood from his mouth, bends down and picks up his laser, reloads and looks down the hall, towards the jeering voice.

BATTY'S VOICE

Come on, Deckard, show me what you got! I'm right here on the other side of the door. But you gotta shoot straight 'cause I'm fast!

Deckard gets to the door, blasts it, kicks it open and fires at Batty. But it's only the reflection of Batty.

The full length mirror on the other side of the room shatters. Batty's next to him, grabs Deckard's hand and steps in closer.

BATTY

Straight doesn't seem to be good enough.

They're face to face.

BATTY

You don't have a chance, do you.

In an exaggeration of weary disappointment, Batty drops his head to the side.

BATTY

Looks like I'm gonna have to scale it down for you. Give you a handicap. I won't run through any more walls. Okay? I promise to use the doors. Okay?

Deckard stares back at him, but doesn't respond. Suddenly fury storms through Batty. He throws Deckard out the door, knocking him down, grabs him by the collar and rams his head into the wall.

BATTY

Come on, let's use that brain!

He drags him down the hall, on his knees and bangs his head into the wall again.

BATTY

Think! We need a little resilience around here!

He yanks him further and bashes his head again.

BATTY

Where are those balls of yours?!
Let's see a little bravery!

The storm passes.

Deckard hangs in Batty's hand like a bag of laundry.

BATTY

That was irrational of me -- not to mention unsportsmanlike. Won't happen again.

He drops him.

BATTY
I'll be down the hall when you're ready.

Batty walks off and disappears through one of the doors.

Deckard gets to his knees, leans against the wall a moment, then punches it with his fist. On his feet he's a little wobbly. Holding his breath so he can hear above his own breathing, he listens. No sound. No sign of Batty. The laser is laying nearby. He doesn't bother.

Deckard is backing down the hall, quiet as he can. He had a job to do. He would like to have done it, but he's not insane. He gets to the landing and turns.

On the first step down, he stops. Batty's on the landing below, looking up at him.

BATTY
Where you going?

He waits a moment for Deckard's answer.

BATTY
No cheating. A promise is a promise. I'll honor the handicapped, but we gotta play on the top floor. You go get your laser gun now. And I'll give you a few seconds before I come.

Deckard turns back into the hall. Batty smiles.

Deckard's running down the corridor.

BATTY'S VOICE
One!

Halfway down the hall he finds his laser.

BATTY'S VOICE
Two!

Deckard darts into the nearest door. The apartment above Sebastian's, with the hole in the floor. Deckard considers it.

BATTY'S VOICE
No fair jumping through holes.
You might get hurt doing that!
THREE!

Deckard dashes back into the hall, chooses another door and goes in.

96.
His eyes skim over everything, looking for an advantage.
He throws open a door. The bathroom. The plumbing is
dismantled, walls stripped, revealing brick, nails
protruding. Too small.

THE STAIRWELL

Batty's coming up the steps.

Five!

BATTY

THE APARTMENT

Deckard's looking for a corner -- a place that covers the angles. He chooses the far side of the room with a line to the door.

THE HALL

Batty's coming down the center, listening at the doors.

Six!

BATTY

THE APARTMENT.

Deckard's crouched in the corner and aimed. He looks at his hand. It's trembling.

Seven!

BATTY'S VOICE

THE HALL

Batty's standing in front of a door, listening.

BATTY

Oh, I wonder where he is. Not
in here, I don't think. Eight!

He goes to the next door.

BATTY

Maybe here. Doesn't sound like
it. Nine!

Batty moves to the next. The door to Deckard.

THE APARTMENT

Deckard's crouched lower, holding his breath -- talk about a hair trigger... Silence. Batty's feet are heard creaking away. Deckard looks around. Runs a hand over the wall behind him. Batty's feet come back. A pause.

BATTY

Ten!

The door explodes! A shape hurtles across the room. Deckard pivots, following it with rapid fire. It's a TV. He spins back, but Batty's already on him. He gets one shot off before Batty's got his hand. There's a hole over Batty's right eye. Blood running down his face, dripping on Deckard. The right side of his face isn't working too good. The corner of his mouth doesn't quite shut -- his voice comes out slurred, a little hollow.

BATTY

One point for you.

The wound doesn't minimize his omnipotence, just makes it more malignant. He throws Deckard against the far wall. Deckard fires. Hits Batty in the shoulder.

BATTY

Ho ho! Try it again!

He comes at Deckard, jerking back and forth, a cobra in fast motion, faking, weaving, yelping with excitement as Deckard tries to get a shot, firing away until his laser's empty. Bloody and crazed, Batty pushes up against him.

BATTY

What's wrong? Don't you like me?
I'm what we've made!

He's backing Deckard out the door. Deckard trips and falls. There's fear on his face. The strength is gone. Something is starting to crack.

BATTY

What's wrong? Aren't you a lover
of Faster, Bigger and Better?!

Deckard's pedaling backwards over the floor.

BATTY

It's time to die.

Deckard throws the laser at him. It misses. Batty throws his head back and laughs. A one-eyed colossus about to eat the world. Suddenly he stops. His eye moves over the wall.

BATTY

Ah!

He reaches out and pinches something. His lips compress as he yanks it out of the wall. It's a ten-penny nail. He holds it out to Deckard and drops it. Deckard catches it.

BATTY

That's for you.

One side of Batty's face smiles savagely.

BATTY

Stick it in your ear and push.
If that doesn't work, try the
eye.

Deckard stares at the nail in his hand, then up at his executioner.

BATTY

Believe me, it'll be better for
you than what I'm about to do.

Batty watches him, hoping the stimulus might inspire his victim to more action. It doesn't look like it.

BATTY

Well?

Deckard springs to his feet and bolts. But instead of going for the stairwell he turns in the first available door.

Provocation accomplished, Batty smiles and walks leisurely towards the door. Deckard's terrified scream and the sound of glass crashing stop him. Batty speeds up and moves into the room.

The window pane is splattered, curtains sucked out, bellowing in the wind.

BATTY

Crap.

He walks up to the window. Deckard comes away from the wall, inching up behind him, laser in both hands, aimed at the base of Batty's skull. Batty starts to lean over, but even before his eyes see the pavement, he knows. He spins...

Deckard fires. It blows a piece of Batty's head away. The next shot hits him in the neck. Batty lashes out. Deckard jumps back. The fist takes part of the wall out.

Deckard fires again. This one goes home. Batty falls like he was poleaxed, hits the floor dead weight.

Deckard starts to tremble. His arms go limp as his head tilts back and he closes his eyes. He can breathe again.

On the floor, Batty's hand is crawling toward Deckard's ankle.

With the unsuspected abruptness of a man slipping on a banana peel, Deckard comes down. Face knotted in horror, he empties the laser in Batty's body -- but the hand holds on. With a screech of frustration he drops the laser and like an animal claws at Batty's dead fingers -- but the fingers are welded shut.

Deckard starts to crawl, pulling Batty behind him. He struggles through the door and stumbles to his feet.

Deckard plunges down the corridor dragging Batty along. He falls, gets to one foot, falls again and crawls the last couple feet to the stairwell.

Groaning, he tugs and pulls, hauls and heaves Batty's body to the edge of the landing. He pauses for breath, then lays back, wedging his feet against Batty's shoulders and pushes. Inch by inch the body goes over the edge. Then all at once it drops. But the hand holds and the weight of the body takes Deckard with it. As Deckard slides over the edge he grabs hold of the railing.

Deckard's hanging three hundred feet over the basement floor, supporting himself and Batty's corpse -- almost four hundred pounds of stress on his fingers.

With his free foot he chops away at Batty's hand, trying to break it loose. But it's not working. Deckard's fingers are starting to slip.

His face is a mask of agony as he wedges his heel over Batty's thumb. With the help of gravity and everything he's got in his right leg to push with, he pushes. The thumb breaks loose. Batty falls.

The sound of his body hitting below sounds good, but Deckard doesn't notice. He's in an awkward position. He must reverse the way he's facing to pull himself up. He lets go with his right hand and crosses it over the left. Then turns the left around so he's got an over-hand grip.

Like a man doing his last pull-up... the one that can't be done, Deckard pulls himself up, throws a foot over the edge and grapples and heaves and wiggles himself onto the cold solid steel of the stairwell landing.

And lies there, body jerking spasmodically, slowly clenching and unclenching his cramped hand, but it's his burning cheek against the cool metal he's most aware of.

Dizzy, hot, lungs on fire, he stands -- and putting one foot in front of the other, Deckard descends the stairs.

THE LOBBY - NIGHT

Sebastian's sitting in the middle of the floor, hugging his knees, rocking back and forth. Pris is laid in front of him.

Deckard enters the lobby and comes up behind the aging, stricken boy and stops.

Sebastian looks up, his face knotted with pain and condemnation. He stares right at Deckard and the accusation is plain. It hurts to see and Deckard starts to speak but there's nothing to say. He walks away, so dead on his feet he hasn't got the energy to fall. Ten feet from the door he stops. Rachael is in it.

She stands there staring at him. The lack of life in the man makes him hardly recognizable. She wants to help, but doesn't know if she can touch him.

There's no hiding his frailty, he can't even try. He stumbles towards her and stops an inch away. What he sees in her eyes is tender and naked.

It comes from low and deep down and forms so slowly that it's not recognizable for a moment that what's forming on his face is the most grateful smile Deckard's ever smiled. And it's for her.

He drops his forehead on hers and when he looks up, her eyes are flooding with tears. One spills over and rolls down her face. And then another. Almost frightened, she lifts a hand and touches the wet on her cheek. Rachael is crying.

The well of Deckard's tenderness is deep and not easily tapped but it's tapped and beginning to flow. He holds her close and tight. Rachael's head is buried in his chest and for a moment it looks like they'll never move.

As one, they push their way through the door and together, walk into the night.

Barbara's
Place

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